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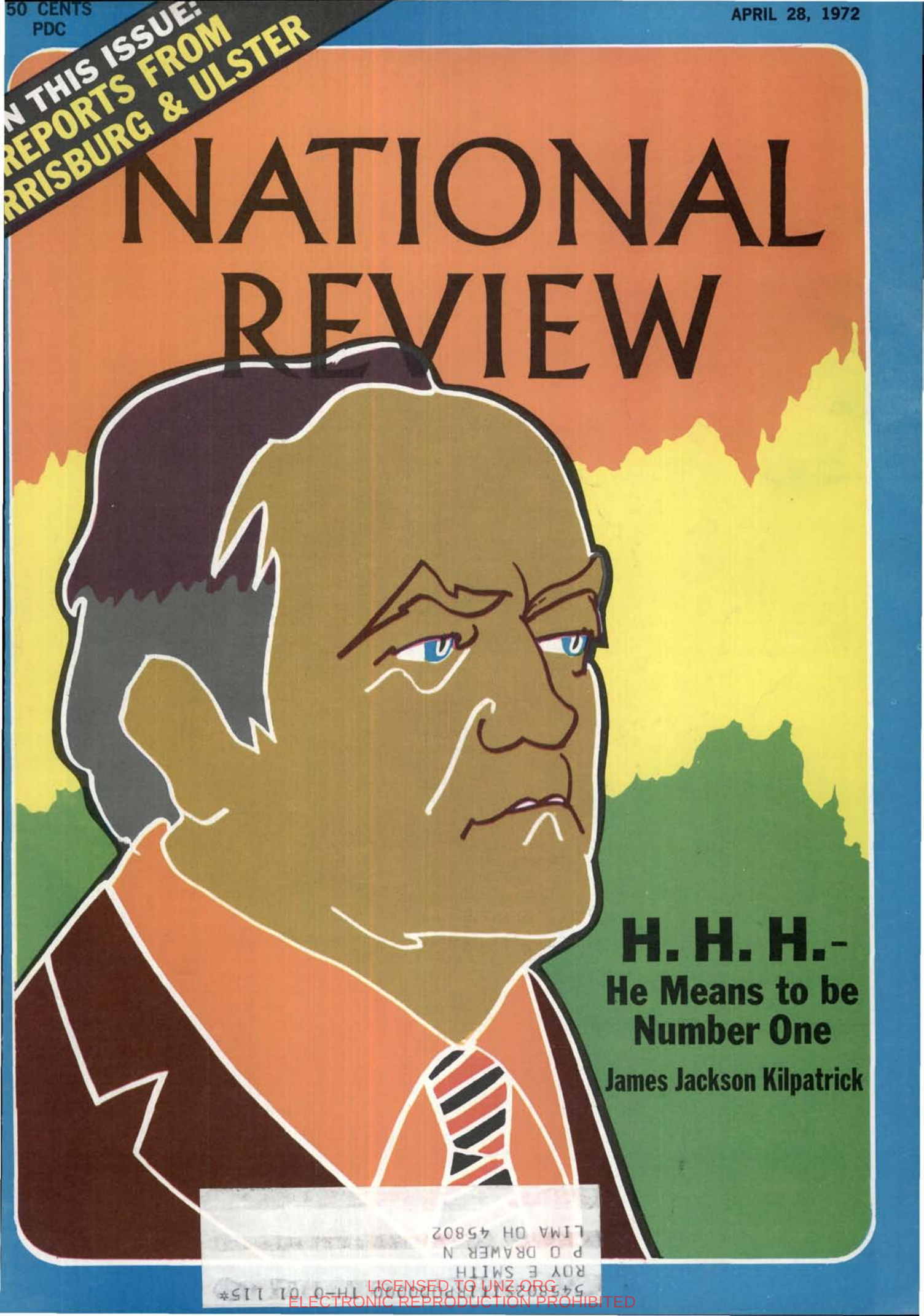

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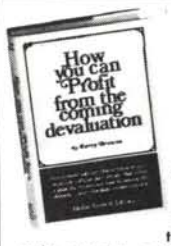

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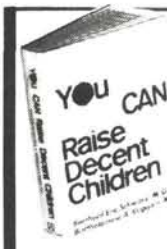

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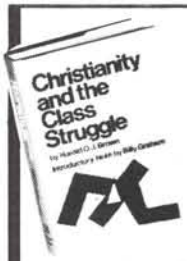

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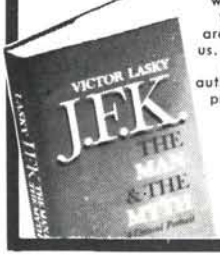

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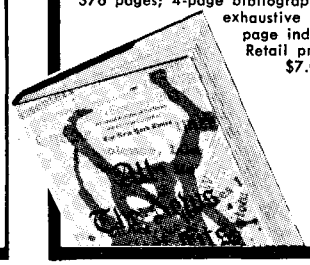

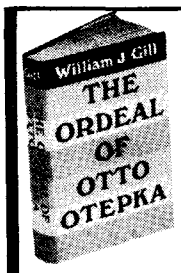

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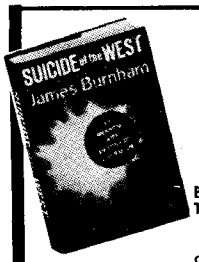

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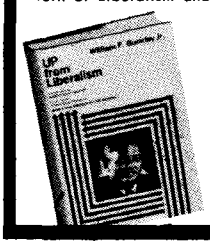

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 16 APRIL 28, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

The major news at NATIONAL REVIEW is the death of **Frank S. Meyer**, senior editor, book review editor, columnist and friend—with us since the inception of the magazine in 1955. We thought it appropriate to devote the space normally given to a review of books to him. There are pieces there by friends of his, all of them well-known to the readers of *NR*. And an account of his last days.

James Jackson Kilpatrick continues his triumphant profiles of the major Democratic Presidential candidates. By all accounts, his profiles—thus far of George McGovern and Henry Jackson—are the best available this season. They are profound, readable, shrewd. Mr. Kilpatrick is of course the former editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*, and the major theoretical voice for Southern conservatism. He left the *News-Leader* a half-dozen years ago to write his syndicated column which appears roughly speaking everywhere. He is generally acknowledged as the finest craftsman in his profession. . . . **Sheldon Moody Smith** wraps up the Berrigan trial, with detachment, humor, and one or two highly resonant observations. . . . **Francis Russell** has recently exchanged opinions with a prominent Irish observer. Between them, they wrest a little meaning out of recent developments in that battle area. . . . And movie reviews from **David Brudnoy**, just back from London. . . . **Brad Evans**, formerly of *Triumph* Magazine and now on the staff of Congressman Snyder, writes on H. L. Mencken, and the continuing rediscovery of him . . . and **William F. Rickenbacker**, editor of the *Rickenbacker Report*, writes again, lovingly, about his first love, music: with advice for record collectors. —WFB

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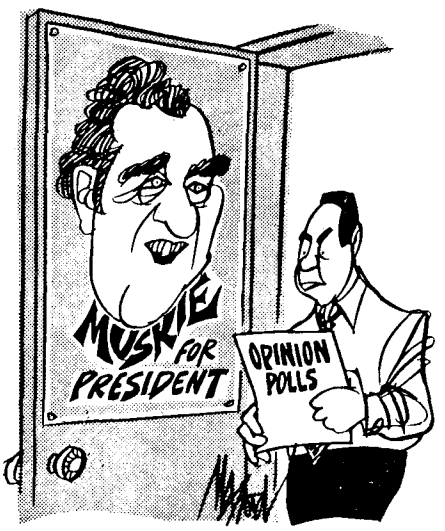
FOR THE RECORD

■ Suddenly they're taking **George Wallace** seriously, and not liking it: AFL-CIO **COPE** has produced five-minute documentary to show how awful things are in Wallace's Alabama, is pushing the theme: "A vote for Wallace is a vote for **Nixon.**" . . . In Michigan, a United Labor Committee (Teamsters, Auto Workers, Steelworkers) has been organized to fight Wallace. It intends to blanket the state with a quarter million anti-Wallace flyers, take out full-page newspaper ads against him, try to pack his rallies with anti-Wallaceites, in short, "to establish a pattern of attack in every state where Wallace tries to run," says Committee spokesman **Robert Holmes**. . . . **George Meany** says right now he thinks Nixon will win and that lots of union voters have been fooled by Wallace because "he's the best campaigner of this Democratic band that's been going around." . . . Gov. **John Gilligan** of Ohio, an early **Muskie** supporter, says: "George Wallace is out there raising questions of excruciating relevance, and what does Muskie offer? Typical programmatic answers, with the long, involved discussions of details you get in committee." . . . Says Gov. **Kenneth Curtis** of Maine: "If George Wallace wins the Democratic nomination, I'm going to hunt for another party." Curtis still thinks Muskie will make it, but if he does, says Gov. **Milton Shapp** of Pa., another Muskie man, "it won't be on the first ballot." . . . *National Observer*, which predicted six weeks ago that Muskie would arrive in Miami Beach with 1,282 votes in hand, now says he'll have 773. . . . As Muskie goes down, **McGovern** goes up. He predicted to a Marion, Pa. audience a week ago that he would sweep both the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania primaries April 25 and come out of them with the biggest delegate count of the bunch (he's just two delegates short of Muskie right now). . . . **Stephen Schlesinger**'s radical left *New Democrat* has given McGovern its endorsement (in a race between **Humphrey** and McGovern "there should be no question which side to choose"). . . . Sen. **Mike Mansfield** thinks there's going to be plenty big trouble for the Democratic Party in Miami Beach and suggests that either Gov. **Askew** of Fla. or former Gov. **Terry Sanford** of N.C. might be suitable Presidential candidates.



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"If you have tears, Ed, prepare to shed them now."

■ **John English**, Muskie's chief political strategist, says there's a good chance Muskie will sign on two of **John V. Lindsay**'s campaign hands, former Deputy Mayor **Richard Aurelio**, who managed the Lindsay Presidential shambles, and TV consultant **David Garth**. . . . WCBS-Radio poll discloses that only 1 per cent of **New Yorkers** believe Lindsay would have made a good President and that had Lindsay lasted until the New York primary, June 20, he would have run worse there than he did (even) in Florida and Wisconsin. . . . Boys will be boys: *New Democrat* reports that former Senator **Charles Goodell** (N.Y.) and former Presidential contender **Paul McCloskey** (Calif.) are thinking of setting up a Republicans for McGovern Committee. . . . In Mass., **John Kerry**, head of Vietnam Veterans against the War, has announced for the seat of **F. Bradford Morse**, the liberal GOP congressman who has been named to a high UN post. . . . Conservative **California Republican Assembly** has voted to endorse Richard Nixon by a whopping 71 per cent (more than the two-thirds necessary) but the Administration threw in all its big guns to get that vote: **Agnew**, **Reagan**, **Goldwater**.

■ Sens. Goldwater, **Tower** and **McGee** spearheaded support for retaliatory bombing of North Vietnam on Senate floor. Said Goldwater: "The President has every right to say to the North Vietnamese, 'We are going to destroy your equipment where you have it cached and stored, all your marshaling yards will be destroyed, including MiG airfields and, if necessary, including the harbor of Haiphong.' " . . . The way the invasion story is being played in the radical *Guardian* can be seen from April 12 banner headline: "PUPPETS [that's our team] CRUMBLE AS PATRIOTS [the North Vietnamese] ADVANCE." . . . *Washington Post*'s **Maxine Cheshire** says Air Force 1 will carry its own red-carpeting when the President flies to Moscow—just in case.

■ Biggest laughs at annual Gridiron dinner drawn by Barry Goldwater: "Politically, I'm way to the right of President Nixon, and somewhat to the left of Vice President Nixon." And Chief Justice **Burger**, who responded to Goldwater's "I know the Supreme Court is here because I saw their bus parked out front" with the remark that the Court had "borrowed the bus from the Richmond school district."

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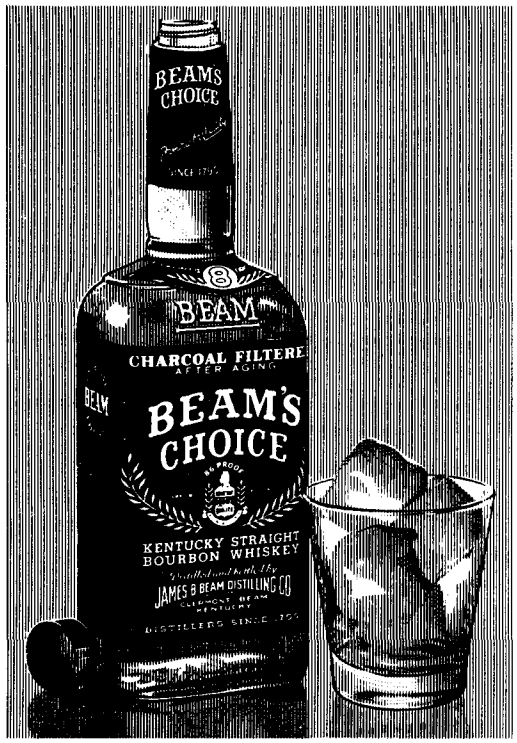

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LETTERS

Attica

A few years ago I did considerable research in preparation for a lecture on "Crime, Criminals, and Reform." Frederick Wiggins' "The Truth about Attica, by an Inmate" [March 31] packs more hard sense into its few pages than almost all of the books and articles I perused in my research. Congratulations to you for publishing such a penetrating, honest and sensible article.

Three Oaks, Mich. SPENCER W. CASTLE

If there is a single self-respecting sociologist or penologist in America, he ought to do public penance, renounce his errors, tear up his degree and go out and get a job, after having read Frederick Wiggins' piece on Attica. It was so sensible, so intelligent, so free of professional balderdash and self-serving ignorance that it was almost unbearably pleasurable to read. Do you think if we could frame a few of the professional deep thinkers into prison they too might be rehabilitated, as Wiggins obviously has been?

Flushing, N.Y. BERT LIPPMAN

Revenue Sharing

James A. Maxwell defends revenue sharing ["Yes, to Revenue Sharing," March 31], with reference to my attack on it ["No, to Revenue Sharing," July 13, 1971]. The following five points may clarify our differences.

1. I believe revenue sharing—a permanent federal dole for states and localities—would further erode federalism by increasing the servility of lower governments. Maxwell considers my belief "paradoxical" because Walter Heller and Richard Nixon say they favor revenue sharing as a means of strengthening federalism. Heller has devoted his adult life to serving the Democratic Party, which has devoted its adult life to centralizing power at the expense of federalism. President Nixon's chief adviser tells us to "watch what we do, not what we say." President Nixon may want to strengthen federalism in the way he wants to strengthen Taiwan. His devotion to federalism is probably as firm as his devotion to balanced budgets.

2. I endorse a principle (governments should be responsible for raising the money they spend) that Maxwell denounces as "verbiage," "irrelevant," "a fossil of history." Denunciation is not argument. Nor is his invocation of Canadian and Australian revenue sharing. His invocation does not establish that revenue

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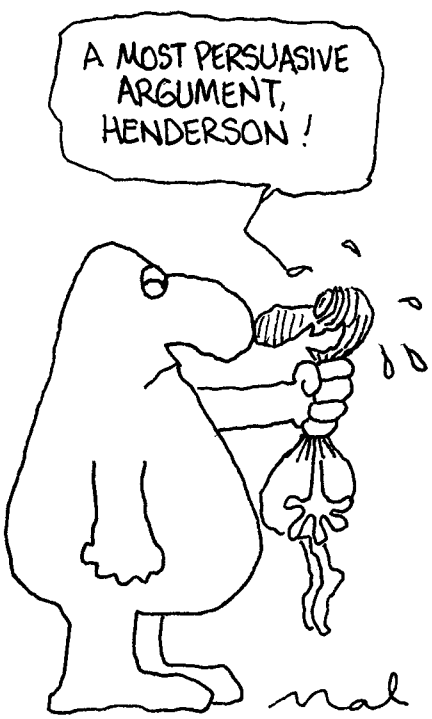
sharing is proper in those nations. Anyway, our political systems share one similarity, i.e., federalism; our differences are many, and more significant.

3. I oppose revenue sharing because it would involve a "permanent appropriation" which would be yet another "uncontrollable" budget item. Uncontrollables are expenditure items embodied in existing law and made directly from the U.S. Treasury without requiring congressional action. Seventy per cent of the budget for fiscal year 1973 consists of uncontrollables. I am concerned about this. Maxwell detects "hysteria" in such concern. I favor reducing uncontrollables. Maxwell would increase them.

4. Maxwell favors revenue sharing because it would be used to modify "fiscal imbalance," by which he means the "gap in financial strength" between rich and poor states. That is, Maxwell believes the Federal Government should use its taxing power to redistribute wealth. I do not. I



believe "fiscal imbalance" is no more intolerable than "racial imbalance." Neither "imbalance" is any of the Federal Government's business.

5. I believe that those who advocate revenue sharing favor a federalism different from that favored by the Founders, and similar to the New Deal vision of David Lilienthal ("decentralized administration of centralized authority"). Maxwell seems to agree. He advocates scrapping "the old concept of separation of governmental functions" and instituting what he calls "cooperative federalism." I still favor the "old" (read: Founders') concept. Readers may choose for themselves.

Washington, D.C. WILLIAM G. FREDERICKS

Corrections

I would like to correct a statement made by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. in "On the Right" ["Antarctic Summer," Feb. 18]. The Antarctic explorer Ernest Shackleton was an Irishman, born in Kilkee, Ireland on February 15, 1874. Except for making him an Englishman, Mr. Buckley has the story correct.

There'll always be an Ireland.

Columbus, Ohio TERENCE J. HUGHES

In your editorial "Toward November" [Feb. 18], you say, "George Wallace [is] now urging end of tax exemptions for churches."

I have never heard or read that George Wallace advocated ending tax exemptions for *churches*. Ending tax exemptions for church-owned *commercial* property, yes.

Gulfport, Miss. WILLIAM B. CROSS

Our apologies. We based our statement on a usually reliable source, which did not make explicit that only commercial property was involved. —ED.

The New Slavery

I have often wondered how liberal writers like Ross Terrill can say some of the things they say, assuming they have a modicum of intelligence [cf. "A Reader's Guide to Visitors' Reports," by Alan Reynolds, March 3; "Veni, Vidi, Victus," by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., March 17].

It occurs to me that their reasons may not be too different from those of large slaveholders in the early part of the nineteenth century, devout Christians and men of good will all.

"Now, son," I can see the patrician plantation owner telling me with a placid drawl, as he sips his mint julep, "just look at all those happy slaves, singing and dancing and laughing. Do you have any conception how much better off they are over here than they were in the savage, lion-eat-small-animal jungles we rescued them from? I tell you, my boy, they don't have a worry. We take care of them. We've taught them Christian values. All we ask is a little work in return. They've got the better part of the bargain by far. Any fool can see that."

To have seen anything wrong in slaveholding would have been terribly painful for the slaveholders. Imagine the humiliation if they had ever concluded that slavery was evil, and that the abolitionists had been right all along!

Springfield, Va. DAVID C. HAMILTON

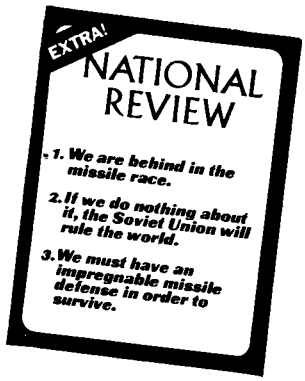
Burnham's Secret

Although I hesitate to disagree with James Burnham, so great is his demonstrated expertise in foreign affairs, I am constrained to offer a dissenting opinion on "I'll Tell You a Secret" [Feb. 18].

I fully agree that a coalition government in South Vietnam would be an outright, undiluted defeat for the U.S. To offer participation in an election to the Communists

"This may be the most important article ***National Review*** *has ever published."* **—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

ARE OUR DEFENSES WEAK?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would not, however, inevitably lead to a coalition government. The result would quite clearly depend on the structure of the election. In 1968 George Wallace garnered a significant percentage of the vote, yet *we* do not have a coalition government. I would caution also against underestimating the South Vietnamese. Although our money and matériel ultimately pull the strings, the Vietnamese have shown through the years that they are no mere puppets; and, knowing as clearly as they do the implications of a coalition government, they are not likely to accept it without a struggle.

It is also dangerous to place too much reliance on the writings of Sir Robert Thompson. Although he deeply understands guerrilla tactics, he has consistently misunderstood the strategic situation in Vietnam. He continued to view it as a guerrilla struggle long after it was clearly a large conventional war in which guerrilla tactics were frequently used. An example of his misguided advice was his recommendation that the war in Indochina not be "expanded" by invading Cambodia.

Mr. Burnham may yet prove to have been correct. I pray he is wrong. Having myself served in Vietnam, I would consider an American sellout of the Vietnamese allies to a coalition government a betrayal of some of the finest men this country has to offer, and I fear I would be left with a bitterness toward my government so deep as to be ineradicable.

STEVEN C. SCHUELLER M.D.
Anchorage, Alaska

You may be sure that Mr. Burnham, along with NR*'s other editors, shares Dr. Schueller's hope that "I'll Tell You a Secret" will be proven wrong.* —ED.

Witonski and de Gaulle

Book reviews are volatile things, one should not make too much of them. For example, one should not mark one's disagreement with reviewers in too heavy a pencil. Yet, there are limits, and Peter Witonski's review of de Gaulle's *Memoirs* ["Books," March 31] exceeds them.

By 1960, de Gaulle was regarded by *NR* writers (I among them) as the chief deceiver of the West. Enormous power in his hands and enormous popularity behind him, a man standing above democratic pettiness, he could have disinfected France of Communists, taken the lead of a militarily cooperating continent, and brought Frenchmen together in a modicum of civil peace. Instead, this vindictive Jacobin dismantled the army, betrayed, systematically, those who trusted him, allowed the CP to rebuild its strength, and almost lost the streets to Cohn-Bendit. He withdrew morosely, leaving an ill-smelling mélange of opportunistic politicos, camouflaged leftists and voraciously corrupt men in power, under the all-covering label of UDR. He was a Machiavellian, all right, but of the new kind, one who uses his incomparable techniques for his own and his allies' defeat. True, we are seeing others of his kind, all the way from Washington to Rome.

Now if I add that he was a pompous, vacuous writer, a stylistic poseur, Mr. Witonski will say that my antipathy for de Gaulle blinds me to his qualities as a writer. This is no place to demonstrate that de Gaulle the writer is one with de Gaulle the public figure: an ersatz-great. I can only reassure the eventual readers of his translated *Memoirs* that in French these writings are just as ponderous (an imitation Tacitus) and self-glorifying. Why read him when one can turn to an always delightful master writer, Churchill?

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Grayson Replies

I would like to take this opportunity to clarify and put into proper perspective remarks attributed to me in the NATIONAL REVIEW editorial, "Who Controls the Controllers?" [March 3].

The thrust of the editorial, using my remarks before the Conference Board on January 20 as a peg, is that the President's Economic Stabilization Program in general and the Price Commission in particular are leading us closer to a socialized economy. The implication is that I condone such a movement or see it as an inevitable result of current government economic policies. Nothing could be further from the truth.

During the course of my appearance before the Conference Board, I made a strong plea for voluntary compliance and cooperation with the Price Commission, its objectives and its policies. It is my firm belief that the Price Commission is working toward a strengthening of our capitalist economy, to insure its continued growth and to help prevent the economic modifications your editorial abhors.

In closing my remarks before the Conference Board, I had these thoughts on the alternatives facing the nation if our present approach of curbing inflation is not successful: "I would lastly like to point out the alternatives if we [the Price Commission] don't succeed. One, continued inflation. . . . Second, the possibility of prolonged controls. . . . Third, the danger that laws will get put in to control [the economy]. Another danger: a shift in the economic system. If this doesn't seem to be working well, then let's try a modification of our economic system. Let's move to some other form. I would personally hate to see that; I do not rule out the possibility it might occur."

I noted that our business is to stop inflation, no matter how it got started or why. Our policies are intended to be as firm as possible, and we are going to make them as firm as necessary, and as equitable as possible.

Few others share with you as strong

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a belief in our economic system of free enterprise as do I and my fellow members of the Price Commission.

C. JACKSON GRAYSON
Chairman
Washington, D.C. Price Commission

The "remarks attributed" to Mr. Grayson—and not disavowed by him—were taken from a January 20 news story in the New York Post. *Mr. Grayson reads rather more into our comment than we intended.* NR *does not doubt Mr. Grayson's good will, but questioned, and continues to question, the effects of the control mechanism which he heads and the logic of his apologia for it. Mr. Grayson argues that we should all approve and support the present control setup, and if it fails to stop inflation, the alternative is increased controls and the possibility of "a shift in the economic system"—specifically, "socialism." NR argues that the present control setup* will *fail, that its introduction does indeed tend toward still more controls and in the end socialism, and that the desirable alternative is to move, now, in the opposite direction, away from controls toward the processes of the marketplace.* —ED.

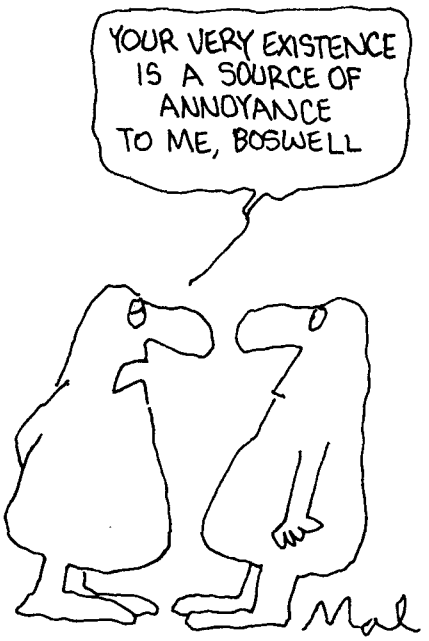
Bloody Sunday

To say the least, NATIONAL REVIEW's reflections upon Derry's Bloody Sunday are disappointing ["Sorrows of Ulster," Feb. 18]. In the first instance, those thirteen people were not killed by "various components of the Ulster situation," but by armed British occupation troops. You make out less than a convincing case for the proposition that inquiry could not determine wherein responsibility for the loss of life principally rests. Witnesses galore to the massacre are available, as well as considerable movie film. Already there are indications that most of the victims were shot in the back; and a *Manchester Guardian* reporter, on the scene, wrote that, at one point, he saw some twenty paratroopers brace themselves into firing position and bring down three unarmed people trying to flee.

The point is not that an objective outside tribunal could not arrive at a just verdict; the point is that the British government will not allow such an inquiry. It has two reasons: 1) It is aware that what in fact took place was a massacre of unarmed civilians; and 2) it must maintain the fiction that its military occupation role in Ireland is a "domestic, internal British matter."

Which leads to the second point, and one as regards which your editorial is totally (and strangely) silent, i.e., that the Irish question is fundamentally a moral one. What is basically at issue is the right of the Irish people to self-determination. I do not minimize the importance of the Irish and British governments' working out the mechanics of reunification, so that the Unionist minority in Ireland that wishes to continue living there will have certain basic rights guaranteed them. But the thrust of the Irish nationalist movement is essentially non-ideological; it is simply to reunite the Irish nation, to restore its territorial integrity. There exists no argument in justice for any other resolution of the problem, and no person with a sense of the historical forces operating in this situation can fail to be aware that no true peace will prevail in Ireland until this goal has been achieved.

I do not question your assertion that America ought not become directly involved militarily in Ireland, but *quaere*: Why ought we not exert on behalf of the Irish cause such diplomatic pressure—and it is considerable—as is available to us? Britain after all is our major military



ally and an important trading partner, and twice in this century American troops have crossed the Atlantic to fight at Britain's side—ostensibly, in part, for "the rights of small nations." Ireland, gentlemen, is Europe's oldest captive nation.

Many NATIONAL REVIEW readers admire the work of American novelist Constantine FitzGibbon. He has been living in Ireland, and wrote, in the wake of Bloody Sunday, a plea for American support of Ireland's cause. I would commend a portion of it to your consideration: "The contempt with which the Heath government had treated the Irish government is obvious. The British are convinced that they could conquer the whole of Ireland. Just as the Founding Fathers of the United States in their hour of supreme crisis turned to France for help against the overwhelming power of Britain, so now we in our hour of peril and near despair can only turn to our best and oldest friend, the United States."

Buffalo Grove, Ill. THOMAS F. MAHONEY

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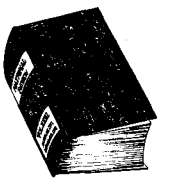

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THE WEEK

■ Those who believe that hard money is inherently superior to paper varieties now have solid proof. A study in the *AMA Journal* found that coins were relatively bacteria-free, but 42 per cent of the bills studied were contaminated with Staphylococcus and Escherichia coli. Doctors Abrams and Waterman have requested that currency samples be sent to them at the University of Louisville in order to permit more research. The good doctors promise to dispose quickly of any tainted cash.

■ George Wallace's successful exploitation of the traditional populist issue of tax reform, together with California and New Jersey court decisions challenging the property tax, has made tax revamping an essential part of every campaign oration. "The time has come," says Hubert Humphrey, "for a tax system that says to the wealthy, to the super-rich, to big business, to the banks, 'You must pay your fair share.'" The usual plan is to eliminate depletion allowances, tax-exempt interest from municipal bonds, exemption of inherited capital gains, different rates for married taxpayers, and a number of deductible items. These so-called "loopholes," which escaped the 1969 tax overhaul, were in fact designed to encourage socially beneficial activities—not only investment and mineral development, but also home ownership, marriage and philanthropy. Drastic reforms may well be desirable, but kid thyself not, they will hit people who are by no means "super-rich"—or even "rich." Heavier business taxes will be shifted onto (non-wealthy) consumers in the form of higher prices. Tax relief would certainly be easier if the share of GNP going to taxes hadn't increased from one-fourth to one-third in a single generation.

■ In the aftermath of their man's crushing defeat in the Wisconsin primary and his subsequent withdrawal from the Democratic Presidential race, John Lindsay's top political advisers are busy charting his future course. Some urge that the handsome, dynamic New York Mayor seek the Vice Presidential nomination this year as a stepping-stone to a bid for the top spot in 1976, on the theory that four years hence he could easily outdistance brash, non-charismatic Ted Kennedy in the race for the nomination. Others suggest that he take on colorless, unappealing Nelson Rockefeller in the 1974 New York gubernatorial election; still others, that he seek the Senate seat of inept, lackluster Jacob Javits or reactionary, aging James L. Buckley in 1974 or 1976. Lindsay himself is taking no part in the discussions. He is up in the attic, looking for his Hula-Hoop.

■ A House-Senate committee is considering a compromise higher-education bill. A Senate amendment (S659) says that if a college wants government aid, it must have at least one student on the school's governing board. Some call this government interference; others say it's just getting what you pay for.

■ The federal report on marijuana is only a few weeks old, but already it's having an effect. Four states—Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington—have bills in the works calling for the "decriminalization" of marijuana laws; and Hawaii has already enacted a new penal code which, if signed by the governor, will reduce the penalty for possession of an ounce of the stuff from a felony to a misdemeanor. No one has yet mentioned legalization, but, as the kids say, if decriminalization is here, can legalization be far behind?

■ The Administration's first black capitalism program, Arcata Investment, plans to shut down after less than four years. Of the 47 minority-owned businesses seeded with Arcata capital, 22 have folded and a dozen more may follow. The urge to produce quick results led to an over-emphasis on small retail concerns, some of which were plagued with burglaries, shoplifting and arson. The problem, according to Arcata Vice President William Walsh, is that many investments have been "more socially than economically motivated." Ixnay.

■ Ten years ago, *Aviation Week* discloses, the United States had two thousand operational surface-to-air missile launchers (the kind of gadget that is shooting down our aircraft in Vietnam). The number has dropped steadily since then, and will be down to five hundred by this summer. During the same decade the Soviet total has steadily grown, and will reach ten thousand before the end of the year. Take it from there, George McGovern.

■ A Senate Labor subcommittee voted to increase the minimum wage for farm workers by 69 per cent, from $1.30 to $2.20 an hour, within two years. One hundred fifty thousand migrant agricultural laborers would be covered for the first time under this proposal. If enacted, this means even greater food price increases, more imported foods, and the survival of only the mechanized farms. It is hard to imagine a more ingenious way to a) aggravate inflation, b) increase unemployment, and c) damage our balance of payments. Congratulations!

■ Dr. Hardin B. Jones, Professor of Medical Physics and Physiology at the University of California, claims that the causal relationship between heroin addiction and sexual incapacitation is a key to curing and preventing heroin addiction. Young people, i.e., potential addicts, and those already addicted should, says Dr. Jones, be made acutely aware of heroin's causation of impotence. Dr. Jones' argument that no one would knowingly trade the delights of sexual gratification for heroin is countered

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by some who point out that smokers smoke, notwithstanding the well-publicized threat of cancer. There is, however, a difference, expressible in Banfield's terms: the threat to the smoker of dying from cancer is real only to the "future-oriented"; whereas becoming impotent, say, next month, is an effect easily perceived by the "present-oriented" drug user.

■ TV news coverage of the fighting in Vietnam may now, because of the changed nature of the fighting, begin to work against the Communist interest. Heretofore, the images on the screen have communicated an impression of ambiguity. The fighting seemed formless. The antagonist was often a lightly armed guerrilla. The war seemed to be getting nowhere, and therefore to be pointless. TV coverage, all analysts agree, contributed greatly to U.S. war-weariness. But now, suddenly, the images are quite different. Tanks, personnel carriers, rockets, regular troops. Quite apart from the intentions of the producers and commentators, the images have radically changed: the effect could have great political significance.

■ Bolivia has but three diplomatic attachés in Russia, while the Russians have a staff of 119 in Bolivia. As it happens, there's a large extremist organization in Bolivia. As it also happens, the organization is Marxist. And so it happened that Bolivia recently told most of the Russians to go home, bluntly saying that First Secretary Igor Sholokov was "in charge of espionage." Russia has taken all this calmly, and not even mentioned breaking diplomatic relations. Quietly they sent 69 people back to Russia—leaving a scant fifty people to do all that diplomatic work.

■ Pablo Neruda is a genuine poet, while Yevgeny Yevtushenko is mostly a counterfeit, but out on the circuit they are merchandising the same ideological goods. Speaking before a New York audience the other day, Neruda began with obligatory praise of Whitman and Dreiser; one expected to hear about Jack London, but Neruda, unaccountably, omitted him. Next, the poet noted that Chile is like "a great albatross," a sentiment that would elicit immediate agreement, had he not botched it with a parable drawn from Coleridge's *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*: At a recent meeting, the representative of U.S. finance had an arrow concealed in his business papers, ready to aim at the albatross' heart. But the capitalist should recall that, in the poem, the sailor who shot the albatross was doomed to carry the corpse of the slain bird hanging from his neck to all eternity. And so on. Extreme poetic license. Meanwhile, with a certain charming candor, Yevtushenko was giving the *New York Times* the secret of his own success. "I make salad like I write poetry. I put everything in." Ah yes.

■ Change should come—but through someone else's efforts. Thirty per cent of them would like to leave the country because ours is a "sick society." Yup, the findings of yet another poll of America's college students. There was one happy note: campus mood. The 1970 mood was one of "personal despair and depression"; 1971's was a cheery "confused but not despairing."

■ What with *The Godfather* (in which the taboo word "m-f-a" is never heard) such a success, Dino De Laurentiis is just dying to film *The Valachi Papers*. (Joe Valachi, you'll remember, was the m-f--so who Told All to the Feds, and whose confessions were all set to appear in book form when the government, under pressure from "Italian-American civic groups," put the lid on.) Trouble

Perishable Interviews: Harriet Van Hiccup

"As the decentest and daintiest dish you ever flew, and who you just know can't be bought, I must tell you that Dan Rather, the decentest man I know, who works for CBS, the decentest network there is, knows for a fact that the Redneck has been bought by Tricky, and they have an indecent scheme to wreck the Party of Decency. Can't you just spit when somebody has the indecency to laugh with Archie instead of at him? I say this because it's the only dainty and decent thing to say. Why can't we all be dainty? Don't you wish everybody was? 'Bye now!"

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Administration and Democratic Party strategists are tipping their hands on one of the major issues of the campaign: protection of the public. The Administration will mount attacks on highly visible "national" threats to the public well-being. Democrats will take on corporations implicated in the "corruption issue" and attempt to build a case for restrictions on corporate activities that might influence government policy.

Two of the Administration's first blows will fall on highly vulnerable "public enemies": 1) Transportation Secretary John Volpe will launch a campaign of public education aimed at the drunk driver. According to Transportation officials, one driver in fifty is driving under the influence of an unacceptable amount of alcohol, thus endangering everyone else. The drunk driver is not only a menace on the highways; he is also a good enemy to have in a Presidential campaign.

2) Food and Drug Administration lawyers will go after drug firms for misleading advertising of pain-relievers. Said an FDA source: "People really care about their health and they are very conscious of what they put in their bodies. They need to get a straighter story." The FDA push on pain-relievers will force the drug companies to make stricter distinctions between buffered and analgesic pain-relievers and to stop making conflicting advertising claims for their products simply on the basis of marketing reports. The Administration believes that a visible effort to protect the consumer will help the President's campaign, without necessarily losing possible financial support.

The Democratic assault on corporate influence in government will try to capitalize on the strong identity that conglomerates such as ITT have given themselves through advertising. ITT appeals to Democrats as a target not only because the corporation's name has been in the papers so much, but also because ITT's own advertising has given the company a real national identity. ITT's response to its bad publicity has been a vigorous public relations campaign, pointing out charitable contributions and investments in a number of small cities.

■ The Justice Department has devised a shrewd assault on the Richmond (Virginia) school desegregation decision. Rather than trying for a reversal of the controversial Merhige decision, Justice will give the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals a wide series of options: first, that it delay action until Congress has passed on President Nixon's busing proposals, which would remove busing from the jurisdiction of federal courts; second, failing such a delay (since courts seldom give up what they consider their own prerogatives willingly), that the court re-examine whether there is in fact any segregation on which to act, thereby undercutting a basic tenet of the Merhige judgment; third, that the court establish some general guidelines and send the case back for these to be implemented; and fourth that the court throw the decision out altogether.

The reason for the multi-optioned brief before Judge Clement Haynsworth's court is that the Merhige decision is well enough argued to make a simple reversal highly unlikely.

■ About as ineffectually as he got in the '72 race, Eugene McCarthy is getting out. McCarthy's low-key withdrawal, signaled around Washington after his failure to beat Muskie in Illinois and his very poor showing in Wisconsin, will benefit Senator George McGovern. With two left-wing contenders out of the picture McGovern stands to gain their support and possibly (from John Lindsay) some delegates. Most important for McGovern, though, McCarthy will not lead a third (or fourth) party ticket if McGovern is the Democratic nominee. —CATO

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is, De Laurentiis keeps getting letters and phone calls demanding that the words "m-f-a" and "c-sa n-stra" and the names of certain prominent Italian-Americans be deleted from the script. In despair, he's abandoned location shooting in New York City and returned to It-ly, where evidently the m-f-a, c-sa n-stra, bl-ck h-nd et cetera are no longer a problem. (P.S.: *Variety* passes on the suspicion that the whole thing is nothing but a p-bl-c-ty st-nt.)

■ Clever headlines like: "A Called Strike," "Baseball's Strike Zone" and "Call the Umpire" are three reasons why baseball should get out of the editorial pages and go back to the sports section where it belongs. There are other reasons: it's spring, the kids, and frankfurters like Elston Howard's wife makes them.

■ It has been a normal fortnight in post-Uhuru Africa. Let's see. Yes. Exiled King Ntare V was lured to Burundi's capital of Bujumbura from the Ugandan capital of Kampala under promise of safe conduct by Burundi's President Michel Micombero, a police officer who overthrew King Ntare some years back when the King was on a visit to the Congo. This infuriated Uganda's President Idi Amin, who had believed President Micombero's pledge and had flown King Ntare to Bujumbura in his personal helicopter (which may, or may not, have been returned: this is not yet clear). But President Idi Amin was really too busy to do anything about it because just about that time he had a secret meeting with Premier Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya who suggested to President Amin that Uganda break off diplomatic—and all other—relations with Israel, which has been a close ally of Uganda since back in 1962 when Milton Obote was President for Life, which in fact lasted until sometime in 1971 when then-Major General Amin overthrew Obote's government while Obote was in Singapore taking care of the business of the British Commonwealth. Now Premier Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya is, of course, where he is today—which is to say sitting on top of very lucrative oil wells—because he overthrew King Idris of Libya when King Idris was in Turkey receiving medical treatment in 1969. Where President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania stands on the Uganda-Israel fight is hard to tell —he's never liked Israel, but Tanzania broke off diplomatic relations with Uganda over Obote's ouster, Obote and Nyerere having been longtime pals. But Nyerere himself is pretty busy these days, because General

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Karume, Tanzania's sort of co-head, was gunned down just a week ago on Zanzibar, which was the part of Tanzania that he in fact ruled, and whether Tanzania will now remain united, and who will inherit Zanzibar, remains to be seen. However, this last was not a successful coup. Karume's four assassins have been shot down (2), executed (1), and committed suicide (1). Meanwhile Kwame Nkrumah, a founding Uhuruist, who is dying of cancer in exile (some say in Egypt, some in Rumania, some in Guinea), has officially asked the new leaders of Ghana, the ones who overthrew President Kofi Busia just this past January when Busia was in England (and Busia, as you may remember, came to power after the military clique that overthrew Nkrumah in 1966, when the Osagyefo was en route from Rangoon, Burma to Peking and Hanoi, called an election), for permission to come home to die. Well anyway, the new what's-their-names in Accra have yet to reply.

Cancel Those Reservations, Please

"The Soviet Union has been and it remains the major supplier of the military arms and the munitions which are being used in North Vietnam. The Soviet Union in my opinion is therefore a major contributor to the continuing conflict that exists in Southeast Asia. . . . Eighty per cent of the equipment being used in this particular conflict continues to be supplied by the Soviet Union. The Russians have placed no restrictions upon the use of this equipment outside of North Vietnam. . . . And now twelve of Hanoi's fourteen regular army divisions are operating outside their country, marauding throughout Southeast Asia."

Thus, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird in his April 7 press conference. No South Vietnamese soldier, as he sees a shell from a Soviet-built long-range 130-mm. gun or a Soviet-built 122-mm. rocket bursting on the next bunker, a Soviet-built 40-ton T-54 tank rumbling toward his unit, or Soviet-built amphibious PT-76s breaching a river line, will question Laird's summation. Nor will any American pilot as he dives to escape a Soviet-built SAM-2 rocket launched with the guidance of a Soviet-built radar-computer system manned by Soviet-trained technicians, only to find himself within the fire zone of a battery of Soviet-built, radar-guided 57-mm. anti-aircraft guns.

From which we derive two corollaries:

1. This Communist operation once more confirms the judgment that the struggle in Southeast Asia cannot be understood—and could not be effectively conducted—as a merely local war, but only as, also, a campaign in the worldwide protracted conflict.

2. In view of the brazen and provocative way in which the Soviet Union's integral role is displayed in this current invasion of South Vietnam, President Nixon should immediately and demonstratively adjourn, sine die, his scheduled May visit to the Soviet Union. A visit under the existing circumstances, surrounded by the inevitable sweet-talk of diplomacy and protocol, can only distort and confuse the truth about what is happening in Vietnam (and in the world), miseducate American public opinion, and condone the Soviet actions. It is American pilots whom those SAM-2s are shooting down; America's allies, and American soldiers also, whom those T-54s and 130-mm. guns are hitting. For the American President to go to Moscow at this time would be a demeaning and futile appeasement of an enemy and a callous affront to the Americans who have fought and died in Vietnam. And the world would so judge it.

McGovern Watch

Analysis concluding that Wisconsin elevated George McGovern to the status of a credible contender for the Democratic nomination remains, to say the least, premature. According to the most recent Gallup poll, among Democratic voters across the nation, McGovern rests at about 5 per cent, his standing unchanged during the past six months. Humphrey and Muskie both lead him.

McGovern's emerging campaign strategy, moreover, tacitly recognizes the limits of his constituency. Despite talk of his inroads among the blue-collar workers, McGovern is reducing his campaign effort in the industrial heartland: Pennsylvania, Michigan and Ohio; though, you may be sure, he would not be letting those large blocs of delegates go by default if he felt that he had a real chance for them. In Pennsylvania and Michigan, with their powerful unions and their important black populations, many think McGovern would, at best, finish third behind Humphrey and/or Muskie and Wallace.

No, after Wisconsin, McGovern's chips will be on Massachusetts—which, not coincidentally, has an abnormally high student population and more than its share of affluent liberal suburbs. Despite variations, Massachusetts, like New Hampshire and Wisconsin, presents McGovern with favorable opportunities and a built-in McGovern constituency. It also presents him, however, with one special problem. The Democratic political organizations there, though liberal, are also serious and effective. Mayor Kevin White's troops have been able to get out the vote with an effectiveness comparable to that of the Daley machine in days of yore. And the Massachusetts Democratic leadership committed itself early and almost solidly to Edmund Muskie.

Biographical note: In 1948, George McGovern was a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention of Henry Wallace's Communist-backed Progressive Party, and returned to campaign for Wallace in South Dakota. All reference to McGovern's days as a Wallaceite—"candor" set to one side—have been bowdlerized from his official biographies.

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Definitions

(From the *Gauche Guide to the English Tongue*, rev. ed., 1972.)

Journey for Peace: Statesmanlike voyages of Great World Leaders at crisis junctures, as in NIXON, RICHARD M., to MAO, CHAIRMAN TSE-TUNG, February 1972, or CHAMBERLAIN, PRIME MINISTER NEVILLE, to HITLER, FUEHRER ADOLF, September 1938.

Journalistic Responsibility: Printing of relevant news items, as in re MUSKIE, MRS. EDMUND, in *Newsweek*, journal of opinion, article about, and in; February 1972.

Yellow Journalism: Printing of cruel, unkind news items, as in MUSKIE, MRS. EDMUND, in *Manchester* (New Hampshire) *Union-Leader*, article about, and in; February 1972. See also above item; same article; appropriate evaluation.

Racism: Characterized by being against busing, as in WALLACE, GOVERNOR GEORGE, quoted in Florida, March 1972: "Why, they'd bus children half the way to Kingdom Come just to achieve racial balance."

Liberalism: Characterized by being against busing, as in HUMPHREY, SENATOR HUBERT (author: *The Politics of Joy*; *Losing's Not Something, It's Just Everything*; and other books), quoted in Florida, March 1972: "I oppose busing just to achieve racial ratios."

Fascism: Typified by quotas imposed on entrance of minority group members into universities; as in REICH, THIRD, in re JEWS (1933 and thereafter).

Liberation: Typified by quotas imposed on entrance of minority group members into universities; as in LIB, CHICK, and LIB, BLACK (1970s).

Primary Election Victory: See NEW HAMPSHIRE, March 1968: MCCARTHY, POET LAUREATE EUGENE, 42 per cent; and New Hampshire, March 1972: MCGOVERN, AVENGER OF THE PRAIRIES GEORGE, 37 per cent.

—D. J. C. BRUDNOY

Nixon: Verbal Fence-Mending

Speaking before the annual convention of the National Catholic Education Association in Philadelphia, President Nixon repeated in this election year the position he took last August by again vowing to find some way of extending public support to the parochial schools. "I am," he said, "committed to these propositions: America needs her nonpublic schools; that those nonpublic schools need help; that therefore we must and will find ways to provide that help."

From a political perspective the speech was timely enough. Mr. Nixon is aware of restiveness to his right, and support for the parochial and other nonpublic schools is certain to be popular with at least part of his conservative constituency. Thus this speech, along with his antibusing stance, may be viewed as an effort at conservative fence-mending. More sentiments pleasing to conservatives will doubtless be forthcoming as the President moves to unify his party preparatory to the elections. He may even bring himself to speak of national defense.

Skeptics will say that words are cheap, and that, after all, we are now in the fourth year of the Nixon Administration, and that the problem of the parochial schools especially has been dire for some time. They are closing at a rate of approximately one per day; and even as Nixon spoke in Philadelphia, a Pennsylvania federal court was striking down a state law compensating parents for tuition spent in nonpublic schools. Skeptics will also note the tardiness of the Nixon stand on busing, and the ambiguity of his proposals, and they will note the dead-in-the-water status of things like revenue sharing and governmental reorganization. To the question: When will the parochial schools actually receive some aid?, the answer, say skeptics, is: about the same time as he balances the budget.

Darkness Visible

What, White America keeps asking, does Black America want? Integration? Separation? A piece of the action? Which action? Identity? Whose? Beyond the fact that it wants something else, black America doesn't seem to know. At the National Black Political Convention in Gary last month, the resolutions came thick and fast: dismember Israel, no to busing, yes to busing, America stinks. . . . Convention leaders wound up incorporating everybody's resolutions, even the explicitly contradictory ones, in a final report that should make fascinating reading. Theme of the Convention was "unity without uniformity"; the ecumenical fever ran so high that the fundamental difference separating the delegates—do we go our own black-nationalist way, or do we work on (not necessarily within) the existing system—was never dealt with.

Establishment figures, black and white, profess to find great cause for hope in the fact that thousands of black people of all political persuasions managed to stay in the same room for three days. But was anything accomplished, beyond cohabitation? Perhaps. Militant separatists showed a new inclination to play the game, at least for a while. In the weeks after the Convention, it became clear that black efforts will be concentrated on influencing the Republican and Democratic parties. A steering committee has been formed to distill all those resolutions into a "black political agenda" against which Presidential candidates will be measured. Any candidate who accepts the agenda is "guaranteed" 7.5 million black votes.

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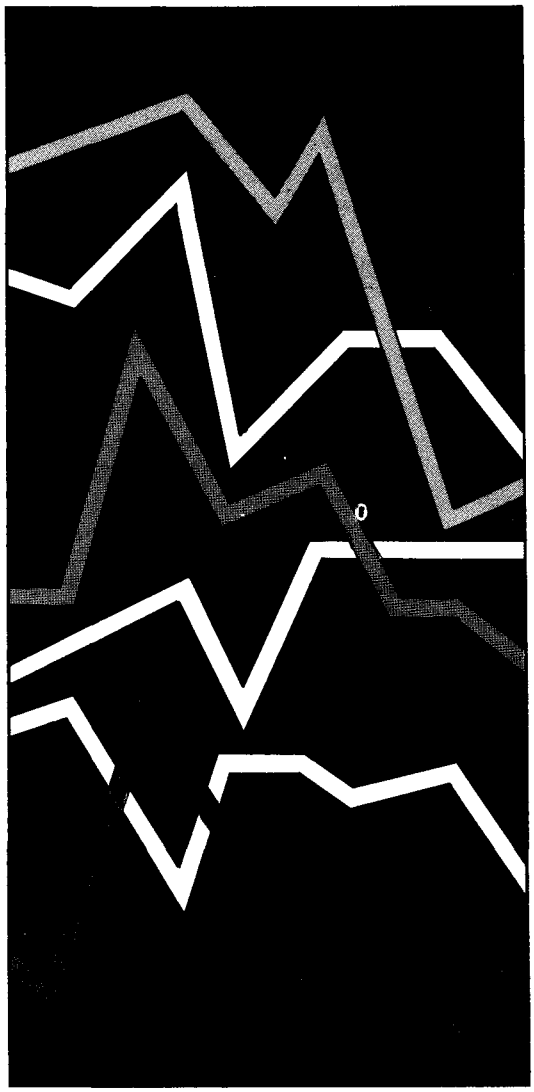

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It could be a wowser of an agenda. Among the resolutions adopted overwhelmingly by the Convention were: a call for a 50 per cent slash in defense spending (with the money to go guess where); a guarantee of 66 black representatives and fifteen black senators, to be accomplished "through constitutional [!] amendment or any other means necessary"; a guaranteed annual income of $6,500 for a family of four; the establishment of a federal "reparations commission" to determine compensation in cash, land and services for all those centuries of slavery. But cooler heads are in charge of drawing up the agenda. The "dismember Israel" resolution is being quietly swept under the rug. Where the Convention (at one point) called busing "obsolete and dangerous" and dismissed school integration as a "bankrupt, suicidal method," the agenda now declares, more mildly but absolutely meaninglessly: "We must have control of our own education, and busing, and any other tool which guarantees quality, as an option, and also protects all rights guaranteed under the Fourteenth Amendment."

While the black agenda was being drawn up, black social workers dropped a bombshell of their own. At their national meeting in Nashville, they rejected an anti-busing resolution but adopted one condemning interracial adoption as a "growing threat to the preservation of the black family." The black social workers in question would rather see black babies languish in institutions than grow up in white families.

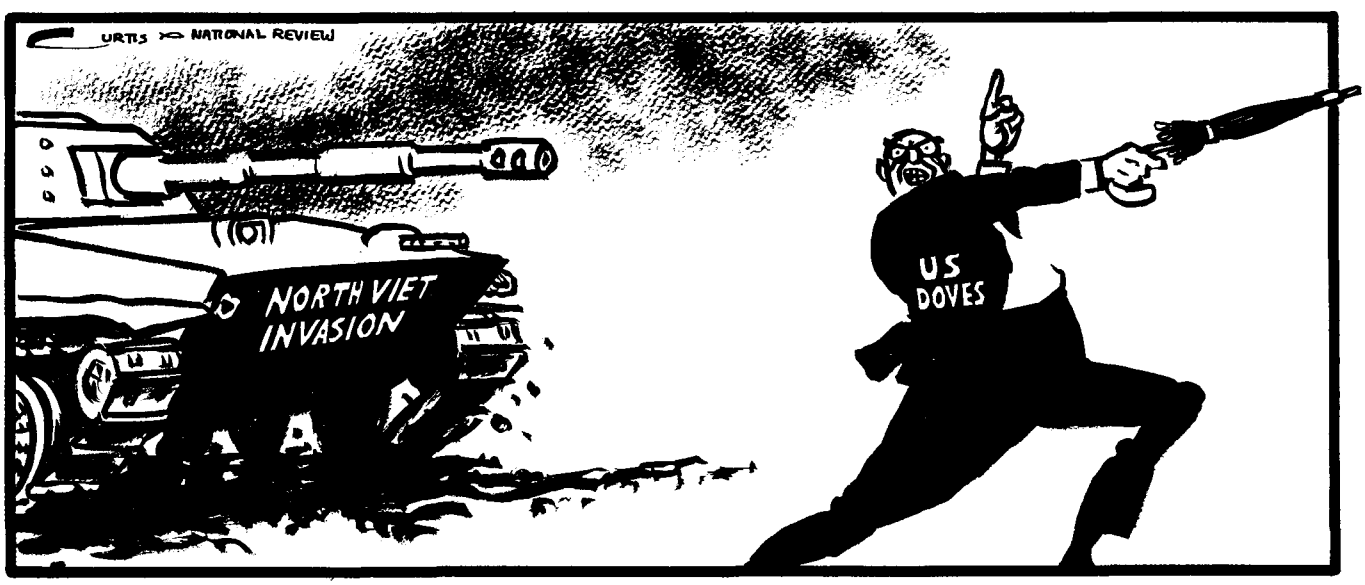
The social workers' stand on adoption is simply the latest black outburst against the spirit of integration. Not, to be sure, against integration itself: most blacks seem to value integration as a way toward equal access to facilities and goods they need. Thus, blacks who opposed busing at the Gary Convention were really speaking against the white, all-men-are-brothers liberalism of the Fifties and early Sixties; blacks no longer dream Martin Luther King's dream. Nor do they dream anymore of total separation—witness the new look of the Black Panthers, and the new image of Imamu LeRoi Amiri Jones Baraka, still a nationalist but no longer much of a separatist. The big talk of the social workers' meeting was of a "new black thrust" in a hitherto white-dominated profession; the chief outcome of the political convention is a new effort to influence the American political system.

Though it's still the subject of much ritual noise, the "black identity" has by now been pretty well established —among blacks. The next task is to make whitey aware of it, so that black America can achieve a sort of separate-but-within status that recognizes the realities that the integrationist spirit blinded everyone to. Those realities are two: 1) Blacks cannot survive in perfect separation—they simply haven't the muscle, or the money. 2) Blacks are self-defined as *different*; they perceive *themselves* as different (though not in the terms that whites once applied to them). Not totally different, but different enough. If black leaders can keep those two realities in sight, and can keep their followers from chasing off in irrelevant directions (e.g., "dismember Israel"; "better no parents than white parents"), they may accomplish something.

Westmoreland at Yale

The assorted yahoos who prevented Army Chief of Staff General William Westmoreland from addressing the Yale Political Union last week do not—the point is always ritually made—reflect the attitude of the University community. Still, the reaction of that community as reflected during the next few days in the *Yale Daily News* is in some ways even more disturbing.

The over-all impression is that any disapproval of the rioters must be surrounded by the obligatory affirmation



"Charge!"

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that Westmoreland is a "war criminal"—the making of pertinent distinctions evidently not being a strong suit in New Haven these days. Thus, "Let me make one thing very clear, to coin a phrase," writes *Yale Daily News* columnist Hank Levine, "I think that Westmoreland is a war criminal." In his version of *Areopagitica*, Levine argues that the violent demonstration was a tactical blunder because it prevented a Yale audience from acquiring first-hand knowledge of Westmoreland's criminal mentality.

Editorially, the paper declined to give much support to Westmoreland's right to be heard, once he had been officially invited. A letter from one Mark W. Summers, 1973, represents, relatively speaking, a rock-hard expression in support of that right: "I cherish the cause of peace, and detest Westmoreland as a moral monster. But I cherish my right to speak and to hear others speak still more. I find your editorial atrocious . . ." Brad Westerfield, Chairman of the Department of Political Science, suggested that the General was a coward for not facing the crowd.

Attention Kingman Brewster: Could General Westmoreland get a fair trial at Yale?

Some Light at the End of the FPC Tunnel?

The Federal Power Commission's treatment of natural gas is a textbook proof of the general rule that the price signals of the marketplace are better guides than the good intentions of bureaucrats to the proper use of resources. For years the FPC has kept the price of natural gas that flows across state lines below the normal market level. This is shown by the fact that gas which does not cross state lines and is therefore free of FPC price-fixing sells for a substantial premium over its identical but interstate twin.

This FPC policy, defended as the way "to protect the consumer," has had two predictable consequences. First, our natural gas reserves have been used up at a rate much faster than they would have been if the cost of consumption had been higher. Second, the artificially depressed price has reduced incentives for gas producers to carry out the expensive drilling required to locate new reserves.

So now we have, aided and abetted by the Federal Government, a natural gas shortage that all experts, including the government's economists, find acutely alarming. Since the authorities, up until a few days ago, were disinclined to let the pricing mechanism of the marketplace ration the available supply, a vast new area for government intervention opened up, wherein the judgment of bureaucrats would substitute for the marketplace in determining who gets what gas is left. Of course the determinations would be made "in the interest of consumers [i.e., voters]"—meaning in practice that industrial and commercial establishments would be restricted in access to gas, while residential users would be favored.

The logical result of this policy is to encourage business firms to settle in states where there is a local supply of gas free from FPC regulation, thus leaving consumers elsewhere warm, but with fewer jobs. At that point, no doubt, the FPC would draw up regulations prohibiting firms from relocating to take advantage of freedom from the FPC. And so on.

Meanwhile, every attempt to provide the economy with suitable—but higher-than-FPC-price—substitutes for native natural gas is ensnared by the vigilant FPC sentries. Import liquefied natural gas from Algeria? Regulate it. Synthesize natural gas from liquid hydrocarbons? Regulate it. Produce gas from coal? Regulate it.

But even bureaucrats—or their political superiors—can sometimes be persuaded to change their habits if the situation gets bad enough. Thus we had the pleasant surprise, a few days ago, of an FPC announcement that it intended to permit a special (though needless to say still regulated) rise in the price of newly developed natural gas supplies. Assuming that the Commissioners can hold their resolve in the face of inevitable assaults by the consumerist lobby and election-sensitive politicians, a measure of sanity may yet be restored in one small portion of the economy.

Solzhenitsyn

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who has certainly earned the right, if anyone has, to criticize other people's cowardice, wrote a "Lenten letter" to the patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, accusing the hierarchy of forsaking its flock and becoming a tool of the state: "The entire administration of the Church, the appointment of priests and bishops (including even sacrilegious church-

Stonewall Jackson

As our democracy distends and thickens,
My thoughts turn to the morning Jackson died.
The Federals fell back like stricken chickens
At Chancellorsville when he turned the tide.
Then, taking Little Sorrel for a ride
Too close to the hostilities, he fell.
Joe Hooker lost a city and his pride:
Lee lost a leader and the war as well.
Today the accent's all on "personnel."
I'd rather put my money on a man.
At Gettysburg, would Lee have taken hell
If Jackson had been in the battle plan?
Yes, Lincoln saved the Union, and I guess
We all deserve this bureaucratic mess.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Reason for Amnesty

At the National Council of Churches (NCC)-sponsored Interreligious Conference on Amnesty held at the Lutheran Church of the Reformation two blocks from the U.S. Capitol March 26/27, United Church of Christ spokesman Rev. Harry Applewhite referred to Senator Taft's proposal for a conditional amnesty for draft resisters and evaders (not deserters) as an "alternate form of punishment." Henry Schwarzschild of the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation, admitting that very few Americans are stirred up about the Vietnam war in its present state, declared, "Amnesty is the leverage by which we can raise the issue of the morality of the war." A spokesman from the Lutheran Council in America asserted that very few of those who might be benefited by amnesty proposals want them, but claimed that it is necessary to enact an "unconditional amnesty" including those who have committed acts of civil disobedience, in order to write a "mythology" to give deeply significant symbolic meaning to the war. Schwarzschild expressed his fear that President Nixon himself might pre-empt the amnesty issue by proclaiming "some narrow, vindictive amnesty with Draconian conditions," and urged all participants and the churches they represent to build support for Senator Hatfield's proposal to end the draft June 30. An "alternative statement" was proposed by the Reverend Herman N. Benner of the American Baptist Convention, calling for amnesty for all those U.S. citizens "disadvantaged" by the Vietnam war, apparently including deserters, on condition of performance of two years of community service under HEW supervision. Benner's proposal was ridiculed and thrown out—apparently not even Benner himself voted for it in the show of hands.

Concern was expressed that the resolution originally drafted by the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., James Finn and Henry Schwarzschild, and stating: "We reject the notion that amnesty should be granted only to those whose acts were based on principles of conscience," might play into the hands of the conservative press. A spokesman from the United Church of Canada proposed an alternative wording (prepared by four members of the Canadian Coalition of War Resisters) including the sentence, "The American people are being lulled to sleep, once again, by talk of 'winding down' the war and troop withdrawals: they are purging their guilt and trying to wash the Indochinese slaughter from their conscience by ignoring the realities of technological warfare and massive bombings." He concluded, "We are sickened and outraged by this war. But we are not numbed by it, as Nixon would have us numbed."

With the exception of the unpopular Mr. Benner, none of the participants in the conference questioned the rightness or necessity of a general amnesty. Considerable apprehension was expressed by a number of speakers that President Nixon or members of Congress might put through a form of amnesty that would not clearly express the guilt of the American people in the "tragic and insane war." As Schwarzschild and Applewhite made plain, however, the chief concern of the speakers at the conference was not to secure unconditional amnesty, but to secure the public admission of guilt and to end the war and the power of the President and the Pentagon to draft men in the future and thus place them in a condition of "involuntary servitude." No one suggested that compulsory military service might be necessary even without respect to the Vietnam war.

The NCC represents a declining percentage of American church-goers. Although a *Christianity Today* survey revealed that 35 to 50 per cent of the NCC's constituency are evangelical (conservative) in their theology, there was no evidence of any significant difference of opinion among the delegates concerning the evils of the war and the draft, the untrustworthiness of President Nixon, and the need for unconditional amnesty, national repentance for the war, and reparations to the "Vietnamese peoples."

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

men who make it easier to deride and destroy the Church), all of this is secretly managed by the Council for Religious Affairs. A church dictatorially ruled by atheists is a sight not seen in two thousand years." Among his specific indictments: Churches are closed or allowed to fall into disrepair; the hierarchy does not protest the limitation of priests' rights (e.g., priests have to get permission of the city council to visit the sick); it acquiesces in suppressing churchmen who criticize the state. "The Russian Church has its indignant opinion on every evil in distant Asia or Africa, yet on internal ills—it has none—ever." He concludes: "Let us not deceive the people, and more importantly, let us not deceive ourselves while praying, by thinking that external fetters are stronger than our spirit. . . . The same martyrdom worthy of the first centuries was accepted by our priests and fellow believers in our living memory. But at that time they were thrown to the lions, today one can only lose well-being."

Soon after this letter was published, Solzhenitsyn had his first on-the-record interview with Western newsmen in ten years. He spoke mainly about the differences between persecution in Stalin's time and persecution now —the former was physically more dangerous; the latter is not much less oppressive to the spirit: "If these had been the Stalin years, nothing could have been simpler. I would have disappeared and that would have been it—no one would have asked any questions." But after the Twentieth Congress, the authorities were forced to use different methods, so they started a slander campaign against

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him, persecuted his friends, kept him from researching his books, expelled him from the writers' union and denied him a secretary or assistant. "The plan," he says, "is either to drive me out of my life or out of the country, throw me into a ditch or send me to Siberia, or to have me dissolve 'in an alien fog,' as they write." Nonetheless, he still has some sources of information—people send him books and information ("the fact that these materials are being sent to me always touches me and gives me the real feeling that I am working for Russia and Russia is helping me"), and there is Radio Liberty ("If we ever hear anything about events in this country, it's through them").

Following these public statements, the Soviet government refused a visa to the Swedish representative who was to have presented Solzhenitsyn the Nobel Prize in a private ceremony on April 9. The question has not been officially settled, but Solzhenitsyn himself regards the refusal as "an irreversible and final ban against any kind of presentation of the Nobel Prize on the territory of my homeland." It may have seemed perverse to speak out so boldly just before he was to receive the Prize. But the honor is already his, the government can do nothing about that. And the money, it could be taken away at any future provocation. As long as it is dangerous to speak, Solzhenitsyn is not likely to keep silent.

Chilean Notes

Jack Anderson, who is very angry at ITT for not having provided him a more convincing witness than Mrs. Dita Beard, now seeks to astound us with the allegation that ITT tried to block the election of Marxist Salvador Allende in Chile, which fact, considering ITT's $25 million loss in Cuba at the hands of Communist Fidel Castro ($153 million has since been expropriated in Chile) is not at all that surprising. Nonetheless, Mr. Anderson has served the faltering government of Salvador Allende very well.

The Anderson columns came at a time when Allende had reached his zenith of unpopularity, a week after the publication by the opposition paper *El Mercurio* of two secret documents by the Communist and Socialist Parties of Chile. These are the backbone of Allende's Unidad Popular coalition and in both papers the President came in for sharp criticism.

The Socialist document berated Allende for his inability to quash the mounting anti-Marxist opposition and advocated for the first time the use of force; free enterprise "must be destroyed," workers should be encouraged to seize their factories, and the "masses" and revolutionary parties to use any and all means to enforce Marxist socialism throughout Chile.

The CP document takes Allende to task on his disastrous economic policies and profligate spending: "Any tolerance toward expenditures that the government cannot finance would lead to currency increases that amount to sitting on top of a volcano that is about to explode." There has been a 110 per cent increase in the issuance of currency since Allende took office and in the first two months of this year the cost of living has risen 10 per cent compared with 22 percent for all of last year. Allende is castigated for not being able to operate the copper industry "with the same immense profits [it] used to give the capitalists." Production at the expropriated American mines—El Teniente, Chuquicamata and Salvador—has dropped by over 8 per cent, largely due to the fact that skilled managers and technicians were fired to be replaced by employees whom the Marxist bosses considered politically "reliable."

So Mr. Anderson seems to have let Salvador Allende off the hook at least temporarily, but not all the whipped-up anti-American frenzy in the world will keep him there for long. In spite of government-staged raids against "rightist" organizations (they found stinkbombs, firebombs and a menacing cache of sharpened bamboo poles), canceled demonstrations (only opposition ones), and an uncovered "plot"—rightist again—against the President's life, Allende received a severe blow last week. As expected, he vetoed the constitutional amendment limiting his powers to expropriate what remains of Chile's free enterprise. When the Congress countered, however, by demanding a plebiscite, which was well within its powers, Allende angrily threatened to dissolve the body and by that autocratic gesture caused the resignation of two of his own cabinet ministers, both members of the moderate PIR (*Partido de Isquierda Radical*). It is believed that API (*Popular de Isquierda*) will be the next coalition party to withdraw support.

"I went to Chile seduced by the 'new experience' to live the historical moment in Chile itself," writes a prominent Chilean leftist from Paris, "I couldn't believe my eyes. . . . The idealists are convinced that *la revolución ya no resulta* and that their time is limited. They agree that it will take at least thirty years to pull Chile up to the standard it had pre-Allende."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

After stumbling over chairs at 4 A.M. to answer the doorbell, I must admit my bewilderment to be the recipient of a package the size of Webster's Third Unabridged. Upon opening the package, I was even more puzzled by the fact that it contained two metal Chinese-style vases.

The answer to this gift from heaven became apparent only after perusing your article from Gstaad, dated March 22, "Some Afterthoughts." I only wish you to be so

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kind as to admit these lovely vases are indeed yours. I do not desire to know how they arrived at their present location, only that you somehow retrieve them.

Yours,
Miss Kathy Irza
Woonsocket, R.I.

Somehow? Please specify. —*WFB*

■ Dear Sir:

Re: Hope Wisloski's problem of finding young conservative men, why doesn't she pick out a liberal of 29—and then just be patient for a few months?

Sincerely,
Cornelius J. Dwyer
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

What can a young woman say after having been published in NATIONAL REVIEW? Who would have thought that my small letter would somehow find itself set among letters of such great intellectual depths as those usually published in your magazine.

What irony, my plea was first answered by a young man who was the first to break the news of the publication (Woodside subscribers seem to get their copies of *NR* days after the rest of the world). From the moment of that fateful call on April 1 (more irony?) I have been receiving telephone calls from such distant lands as Texas and Chicago, but most popularly Boston (they seem to have a similar problem). If I failed to mention all the fan mail that I have received I would be skirting the issue at hand. Since, Mr. Buckley, it has been to your doing that I have increased my popularity, what may I do for you?

This has been quite an experience and rather amusing. But . . . Yes, Mr. Buckley, there is a conservative male, in fact—there are so many left that one young woman finds difficulty attending to all.

Thank you again,
Hope Wisloski
Woodside, N.Y.

Dear Bill:

In your April 14 "Notes & Asides," Miss Hope Wisloski inquired as to the whereabouts of America's handsome, bright and reactionary young men. Will someone please inform her that they are all in Young Americans for Freedom?

Also, please inform your readers that as a public service, YAF operates a special division especially for young Americans like Miss Wisloski. They may write to Mr. Jerry Norton, director: Young Americans Fraternity, 1221 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; (202) 347-8688.

As always,
Ron Docksai
Chairman, YAF

P.S. Our man in New York has contacted Miss Wisloski. Already, she is active in YAF and engaged.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley Jr:

Why don't you stop picking on the late, great Eleanor Roosevelt???

You can't get over it, can you, that Eleanor Roosevelt belongs to the ages and will continue to be cherished by all mankind long after your cynical, hostile, filthy soul has passed into oblivion.

When you're gone, you'll be forgotten—except perhaps as one of the many corrosive pollutants of which this society must rid itself if we are to survive at all.

Yours in disgust! UGH!

Dear Ugh: Dust to dust it is. It must be awfully dusty out there . . . Or maybe Mrs. R has cleaned it up? —*WFB*

PRESIDENT NIXON'S TRIP TO CHINA
HON. GLENN R. DAVIS OF WISCONSIN
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1972

Mr. DAVIS of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, President Nixon's epochal trip to China has aroused great interest, and captured the imagination of Americans of all ages.

Among those affected were the young boys and girls of Mrs. Cloninger's kindergarten class at the Heyer School, in Waukesha, Wis. As a tangible outlet of their interest, these young people wrote a song entitled "President Nixon" and while I cannot set forth the musical score here, I can relate the words as follows:

President Nixon is very good,
And he is strong and kind.
He took a trip to China
Love and Peace to find.

Who among their elders could more directly and simply express their feelings in relation to one of the great events of our day?

Sure, noble deeds refine the soul;
I think they should be followed.
But doing deeds like Goldilocks'
Results in being swallowed. —**WFB**

So Far So Good

One thousand bodies on the ground
  And thirty tanks knocked out:
Admittedly, it's just one round;
  It wasn't quite a rout.
But everybody's gratified
  Digesting this good news
Except, of course, McGovern's side,
  Dyspeptic with the blues.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Is It All Over in Vietnam?

JAMES BURNHAM

IN AN ARTICLE published in 1878, prefiguring the first mass use of tanks forty years later, a British artillery officer, Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, wrote: "Moral effect is the object aimed at in a battle, for the killed and wounded have no influence on the final retirement." Most military historians would agree with this judgment, and with Colonel Brackenbury's premise that it is the advance that has, in general, a positive "moral effect" just as retreat tends to be demoralizing. "To advance is to conquer" was Frederick the Great's favorite aphorism. "Those battles are the best," he concludes, "into which we force the enemy, for it is an established maxim, to oblige him to do that for which he has no sort of inclination."

General Giap's current operations have proceeded according to these principles. He has forced his enemy into a battle for which, assuredly, he has no inclination. He has done so by a bold advance with the primary object not of territory and cities but of devastating moral effect that will promote the enemy's "final retirement"—which means in this case collapse of the Thieu government and the disappearance of effective American force.

Evils of (Losing) Wars

As Hanoi estimated it, the situation was promising because of four factors. First, the American withdrawal had reached a level at which American troops no longer have a significant ground combat role. Second, the U.S. election campaign can be presumed to preclude any reversal of the American withdrawal and to restrict narrowly the range of U.S. options. Third, the cumulative American withdrawal was already having, like all retreats, a demoralizing effect on the enemy. Fourth, the demoralization process had been recently accelerated by publication of the secret U.S. peace plan, with its expressed willingness to accept Communist entry into new South Vietnamese elections, and an eventual new government—a willingness, that is to say, to replace the present anti-Communist South Vietnamese government by a coalition government including the Communists.

According to the authorized version of American opinion, the war in Vietnam is evil; when they understood this, the American people became demoralized and the nation rendered unable to fight effectively. In the light of historical experience a different sequence seems more plausible: We fought the Vietnam war ineptly. This had its usual demoralizing effect. We then rationalized our moral collapse, as is also usual in such cases, into a self-righteous condemnation of the war, thus shifting blame for our bad show from ourselves to an anonymous military-industrial complex or Establishment and our wicked rulers. Surely it is revealing that those of our citizens who most harshly denounce the American presence in the war and who most uncompromisingly call for our instant withdrawal therefrom do not censure even the bloodiest deeds of the other side—indeed, often sing the praises of *its* leaders—and never suggest that the other side's withdrawal is also a way of ending the war.

The tactical pattern of this month's fighting mirrors the strategic pattern of the war as a whole; and the pattern of this war, the political-strategic pattern of the global protracted conflict, of which the Vietnam war is a campaign. Bounded by the concept of containment (even when not by softer variants of détente and coexistence), "the advance" that invigorates, the initiative, "those battles . . . into which we force the enemy," obliging him "to do that for which he has no sort of inclination" —all these are excluded. We must endure retreat with its inevitably demoralizing consequences or, at best, stolid defense and painful counterattack. Within our self-imposed strategic prison, stalemate is the best outcome that can be hoped for in each episode, and must be achieved in *every* episode in order to maintain stalemate in the drama as a whole.

The controlling strategic parameter of Mr. Nixon's Vietnamization policy is the same as that of the incremental escalation policy pursued by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. Should we expect a more favorable result from the declining phase of a given strategy than from its buildup? All the Presidents time and again affirmed that we neither sought nor threatened the defeat of North Vietnam, which has been in any event excluded in practice by our tactical taboos. Why should an undefeated enemy give up his goal?

Where Vietnamization Is Going

Nixon's Vietnamization is inherently self-contradictory, even apart from American withdrawal, because it seeks to keep the enemy from reaching his goal without defeating him. A secure, independent, non-Communist South Vietnam can come into existence only *through* the defeat of North Vietnam. But we are so totally committed *against* defeating North Vietnam that in professedly preparing South Vietnam to stand on its own feet we carefully omit contributing to her arsenal weapons or equipment that would make possible an invasion of North Vietnamese territory. North Vietnam will continue to be, like all other acreage that comes under Communist rule, out of bounds.

Conceivably South Vietnamese troops plus U.S. airpower and naval guns will stop and push back this North Vietnamese advance. But the underlying issue will not be affected. For Richard Nixon, South Vietnam's survival as an independent non-Communist state has a lower priority than American withdrawal and his own reelection. It is therefore probable that South Vietnam will not so survive, just as, in an analogous structure of priorities, Free China did not survive as a UN member.

What is now in the cards, as they are being dealt by Washington as well as Hanoi, Peking and Moscow, is a coalition government transitional, like the Czech 1946 government, to Communist power. Communist success in the current operation will speed the day, but failure will do no more than delay it. □

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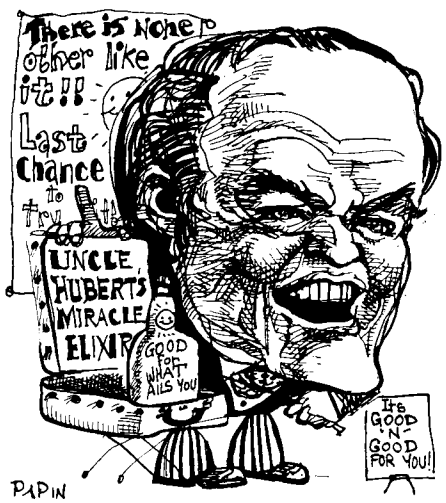
Hubert Horatio Humphrey II has spent much of his life as Number Two—as Senate whip, as junior senator, as Vice President. In Wisconsin, he wasn't even Number Two. But he's tired of playing Avis

HHH—He Means To Be Number One

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

If you had been walking down Hopkins Street in Milwaukee on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 29, you might have paused at 27th Street to witness a Dickensian tableau. Huddled about a sound truck, looking for all the world like Christmas carolers, were perhaps a dozen men and a cluster of pretty girls. It was snowing—not in the great soft flakes of Yule, which might have been more scenic, but snowing in hard little granules whipped by a twelve-knot wind. It was 28 degrees, but the chill factor was down around zero.

Toward the rear of this jovial crew, assembled at the plant gate of the A. O. Smith Company, stood a phalanx of Secret Service men, straight and stiff as baritones waiting their turn to come in. Capering out front, as major domo and guest conductor, was a diminutive figure in silk scarf and French beret: Dr. Edgar Berman, physician and factotum, thrashing his arms to keep warm. Hovering about the circle, passing out what might have been song sheets but actually were political leaflets, were the pretty girls and the front men. In the center, wreathed in smiles and powdered with snow, stood the tangible figure of Christmas present.


There is None other like it!!
Last Chance to try
UNCLE HUBERT'S MIRACLE ELIXIR
GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU
It's GOOD 'N GOOD FOR YOU!
PAPIN

This was Hubert Horatio Humphrey, sixty, once again a candidate to become President of the United States. His ostensible purpose was to shake six hundred hands as the shifts came and went; he was therefore barehanded. But there was more. His purpose also was to demonstrate, for the benefit of the assembled TV congregation, that he has the stamina of a Green Bay tackle; he was therefore bareheaded also. Thus he stood for forty minutes by the clock, the sound truck rising and the snow falling. His ears turned red and his nose turned blue, and the snow knitted small white stitches in his hair. It was the stars and stripes forever, just as the sound truck said.

This was, you will understand, nothing more than an afternoon's aberration in the quadrennial madness that has gripped us this spring. The Wisconsin primary was the fourth in a series of twenty-three. With every Tuesday that passes, it becomes increasingly evident that a better system will have to be found. It is one thing to test a candidate's ideas—this could be done through the public prints. It is another thing entirely to test his stamina. We ought, in common sense, to ask that a candidate grapple with philosophy. We demand that he battle with pneumococci instead.

But the candidates are victims of this extravagant nonsense, and so are we all. Under the rules, a candidate must press the flesh, and we of the press must press the candidate, perceiving defeat through watery eyes, smelling sweet victory with a runny nose. We are trapped in this idiot chautauqua, trapped like mice in a sawdust maze—in at New Hampshire, out at Miami. By the inexorable process of sheer survival, a Democratic nominee will emerge in July. Hubert Humphrey? He made a feeble showing in Florida, an even feebler showing in Wisconsin. But it very well could be.

Humphrey wants this nomination. He aches for it, yearns for it; he wants it as badly as Bryan wanted one more chance in 1908. He has known defeat before, and he hates the taste of it; he remembers his losing margin of 1968—500,000 votes, just 500,000 votes out of 73 million cast—and he hungers to try again. Over much of his life, fate has cast Humphrey in the vexing role of Avis to other men's Hertz: Senate whip, Vice President, junior senator. This is his last hurrah. And he longs to be Number One.

There is no way adequately to describe a day on the trail with Hubert Humphrey. It is like spending two weeks in a milkshake machine. Syrup, ice cream, malt, milk—all those wholesome goodies spin and froth and foam together. He pours out a speech like Tastee-freez. Humphrey doesn't run for office. He sprints.

The Tuesday before Wisconsin's primary began for Humphrey a little after dawn in Rhinelander, up in the northern part of the state. (His Monday schedule, for the record, had begun in Philadelphia, continued with a flight to Duluth, followed with TV interviews in Eau Claire and Wausau, and ended wearily with a 10:30 live TV show in Rhinelander.) Now it was 6:45 A.M., temperature 26, visibility a glum two miles, the sky a phlegm grey, last week's snow as dirty as

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an old oil filter, an utterly depressing morning. Humphrey was r'aring to go. He strode from the Claridge House Motel, beaming upon the beautiful day.

Off to a paper mill! Off to a union hall! Lift that mug, tote that roll! Two hundred handshakes, and back in the plane. South to Milwaukee, and zap to the Sheraton-Schroeder Hotel. No time to pause. Summon the troops! Into the buses! Charge!

Our coattails are flying and the girls' red scarves are like gonfalons. The caravan is bound for the University of Wisconsin, where a class in political science awaits the eager candidate. Here Humphrey is at his best. He loves to teach, and he visibly warms to the thermal energy of young minds in motion. Engrossed in questions and answers, he is temperate, reasoned, soft-spoken. Alas, he is long-spoken also. He loses 25 minutes.

Zap! Scramble! Go! Our motorcade roars off to the Milwaukee Area Technical College, where five hundred students are running short on patience. They are the sons and daughters of blue-collar workers, virtually all of them eligible voters; they already have heard in similar assemblies from Jackson, McGovern and Lindsay, and they have responded with cheerful warmth to them all. Perhaps they see Humphrey as the Grand Old Man. When at last he comes on stage, they are on their feet, stomping and clapping. Their cheers fall on his ears like summer rain on a dusty rose. And Humphrey beams. He does not smile as other men do. He truly *beams*. If God had made him a canine, he would wiggle like a hound dog having his belly scratched. He is seraphic.

A part of the applause, it appears, is for a hulking mahogany figure who has trailed our candidate on stage. This turns out to be Alan Page, the great Viking lineman. Humphrey had picked him up at the University, and brought him along as a blocking back. Page acknowledges his introduction with a two-second smile—perhaps linemen have no sense of humor—and slumps back in his chair, deadpan, inert, nothing moving but his eyes.

Humphrey stands an inch short of six feet. He moves to the lectern, blue eyes shining, left hand in pocket, looking younger than his sixty years. This morning he is sporting a shirt boldly striped in blue and white; wide maroon tie; dark blue suit; black boots. He is greying at the temples, but his straight-combed hair is a fortyish black. Clairol? Only his hairdresser knows.

He begins with his standard young people's pitch, but there is this to be said for Humphrey on the mound: He seldom throws the same pitch twice. He wants the students to get registered, to get involved, to get a piece of the action *now*. If they don't win their goal the first time, stick with it. Keep trying. "You must have unbelievable perseverance. This is what the great game of politics requires."

Humphrey's train of thought abruptly switches to the matter of unemployment. Five per cent is too much! The thought triggers a one-liner: "But I hope to get someone into that category in November!" The students get it; a comber of laughter rolls across the hall and curls on the beach of the stage. Humphrey is tougher this season, sharper with his ridicule. Unemployment, he says, is a form of national sickness, "and Nixon is telling you that you have to get used to having a headache." Humphrey knows that many of the students will have a hard time finding jobs. He warms to his theme. His tempo quickens. Both arms are waving now, the sharp chin jutting, the eyes flashing. His voice soars. In the political supermarket of national needs, Humphrey is forever embarked on a payday spree. His shopping bag rips, and it all falls out.

"There's work to be done on the harbor at Duluth! And the St. Lawrence Seaway! We can do something about it. We can put people to work. We need a whole new system of transportation. We need airports. We need mass transit. Schools, hospitals, water systems, sewer systems—we can put people to work building them. The President could have started this, but he didn't! He had 7,200 plans all complete, all ready to be put in motion, thousands of jobs, thousands of jobs. But Nixon said no go, no show, veto!"

Humphrey cannot wait on the whooping applause. Words, figures, ideas, statistics, pledges, promises, prayers, hopes, dreams—his hands paint confident pictures in the air. There must be some Italian in Humphrey: When he talks, he talks all over. He talks of the Job Corps, of national health insurance, of Phase II, of financing public schools. He sets up $6.5 billion in foreign aid, and knocks it down: "I supported it. I supported it. But if we can have a World Bank that will work in Afghanistan, we can have a Rural Development Bank that will work in Wisconsin! Why can't we?"

He fields student questions, charging the ball. Amnesty: "I do not favor unconditional amnesty." Prisoners of war: "We must set a date certain for withdrawal, then withdraw, and then we'll get 'em home." Price control: "It's a sham." The space shuttle: "It's a great buy. It will save us money."

It is close on to twelve o'clock, and he has a live show on TV at noon. Z-z-z-ap! Our procession proceeds, leaving Page behind. Humphrey is taking citizen telephone calls. He is loving it. Some of the questions are tough. All the better! What's the difference, he is asked, between Democratic creditors forgiving the debts still owed them from 1968, and ITT making a big contribution to the Republican Convention? Lots of differences, says Humphrey, but he is moving too fast to tell us precisely what these are. He is off on price and wage controls as a remedy for economic ills: "I don't like them, but they're better than being sick." What about legalized abortion? "I am not for it."

The show is interrupted for a commercial. "I like this," says Humphrey to his host. The commercial is a plug for George Wallace. Humphrey is amused, but not much. His enthusiasm rekindles as the hotline show resumes: "Boy, can I use this free time!"

His host puts a question on his own: What are the differences between Humphrey now, and Humphrey the last time? "Oh, my," says Humphrey, "there are many differences between 1972 and 1968, and thank goodness for that. I feel better. I feel happy. I don't have to carry anyone else's load. I know what I'm doing." The half hour is up, and the studio lights go down. "Boy," says Humphrey, springing to his feet. "I enjoyed that. That was fun."

Back to the buses! We rumble down Capitol Drive: white frame houses, paint peeling; Coca-Cola, Sealtest, American Motors, past the James Whitcomb Riley School. This is heartland. Out Howard Street—Monopoly cottages,

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row on row. The skies are grey, the wire grass a dead brown stubble; clearance sale on snow blowers. Humphrey is bound for the St. John School for the Deaf on Kinnickinnic Road, where he will speak to 125 pupils in grades seven through twelve. He meets the children, and he clabbers up.

This is Humphrey, his eyes misty. He talks for twenty minutes, with Father Murphy interpreting in sign language. He speaks of his own granddaughter, born mentally retarded, "but she is filled with love and joy and kindness." The handicap of deafness, he insists, can be transcended: Look at Beethoven. Look at Edison. Any physical handicap can be surmounted. Look at Franklin Roosevelt. It is only the handicap of hatred that destroys. "Let me tell you what the greatest thing in life is"—and he pauses for Father Murphy to catch up. "It is to help someone else." He reminds them of the last four letters in "American": "I can." He wants them to keep saying, "I can, I can."

Time to move out, but Humphrey does not want to go. He ducks in and out of the third- and fourth-grade classrooms, walking slowly through a garden of shy smiles. "Hi, sweetheart . . . Hello, darling." He remarks a classroom poster proclaiming that Happiness Is Spring. "Isn't that great?"

THENCE to the Milwaukee airport. We fly in a chartered United jet north to Wausau, in a massive stumble of typewriters, TV gear and tape recorders. Somewhere, once, there was coffee for breakfast, and somewhere, once, on a bus, there was the driest ham sandwich ever concocted. We land to find a fresh bus waiting, and rush into town for another TV appearance. What about Kleindienst? "I could not support his confirmation now." What about the Safeguard ABM? "I am basically opposed to it, but I supported it at a critical time." Humphrey is not above a touch of self-righteous demagoguery: "I put my country first. Where you are dealing with the Soviet Union, you had better put your country first and your politics second." He fields a hard grounder on the space shuttle (this was easy in Florida, tough in Wisconsin). He shags a mean fly ball on the Lockheed loan guarantee: "Yes, I supported it: It meant twelve thousand jobs for twelve thousand human beings who otherwise would have been on unemployment compensation." He bristles at a question insinuating that he is too much a man of the past.

"I am a forward looking man," says Humphrey. "I am young in heart and I have an active mind. I don't lay claim to genius, but I do believe I have a new way of approaching such things as pollution and transportation." The thought strikes home that much of this frenetic pace is intended to disprove an allegation going to his age. Humphrey is not much older than Jackson or Muskie, but he is markedly older than McGovern and Lindsay. He has to keep bouncing.

Bounce! We are traveling down Grand Avenue in Wausau: "Prepare to meet thy God." In Wausau? One can imagine worse places. This is smalltown America, the America of Uniroyal, Tastee-freez, Henry's Hamburgers, Goodyear, Conoco, the Woodmen Accident & Life Company, the Zion Lutheran Church, Frank's Body Shop, Bruner's Barber Shop. We go to the city room of the *Wausau Record-Herald*, where Humphrey briskly fields another hundred questions. An aging correspondent sags, slumped in a quiet corner, and wakes up only when his inner antennae advise him that Humphrey is saying something about tuition vouchers. He is endorsing them. Humphrey? Can it be? Yes and no. Sam Donaldson of ABC has it on his tape recorder. Rebecca Bell of NBC has his answer in her notes. Our candidate is hopelessly befuddled on this one. He does not know a tuition grant from third base. Just once, we think, if just once Humphrey would say, "I don't know, I don't have an answer for that one." But it is one of Humphrey's failings that he has an answer for everything. The world lost a great editorial writer when Humphrey went into politics.

Enough at the newspaper! Off to the River View Tower East, where Humphrey is happier than a floorwalker at a May Day sale. He circulates among a hundred elderly men and women, shaking hands firmly with the men, planting Humphrey stickers like orchids on the shoulders of the ladies. He beams upon the grey heads assembled. "I'm looking forward to coffee and doughnuts with you." He has the look of a wistful boy. "Campaigning is fun, but they never give you time to eat." Groans of motherly sympathy arise.

It is 5:15. Humphrey is still fresh, but plainly his tongue grows tired. He adverts to the Constitution, and tries to speak of 1787. It comes out 1789. He dwells upon the powers of a commander in chief. It comes out three times, commander in creef. But he picks up speed. He praises housing for the elderly. He wants to see a thousand such projects across the nation. He is indignant that anyone should oppose decent housing. "If there is one thing that breaks my heart, it is to see the conditions under which some people live." He defends the work ethic as stoutly as any Richard Nixon: "My mother used to tell me that the devil finds work for idle hands to do." He recalls his sponsorship of Medicare: "Oh, my goodness, the medical lobby was calling us all kinds of names—but we made it, and it is a godsend, a godsend."

Back to unintended demagoguery: "If little Norway can provide free prescription drugs and free home visits and free eyeglasses under its program of medical care, why can't the rich United States provide these benefits? I tell you, of course we can." He ridicules Nixon's proposal to increase Social Security benefits by only 5 per cent: "We need a 25 per cent increase." The applause warms him, nourishes him. His only thought is to make these wonderful people happy. "I promise you a New Deal for the elderly. One of my first acts will be to establish a cabinet-level office for the aging. I'll give the elderly someone to watch over them."

IN a burst of reminiscence, Humphrey concludes by speaking of his own aged mother. He is not beaming when he recalls how she worked to help her family survive in the Twenties. Slowly, soberly, Humphrey makes his last pledge of the afternoon: "I promise you to work for children, in the dawn of life; for the handicapped, in the shadows of life; and for the elderly, in the twilight of life." Even Rebecca Bell, a tough gal, is dabbing covertly at her eyes.

Off! We stagger off for dinner, the TV crews still marching numbly in their elephant parade, wired tail by tail to one another, the light man following the sound man follow-

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ing the film man. We are pooped, exhausted, dead. Not Humphrey. He is off to a Labor Temple to talk to five hundred cheering union members: "Nixon is giving us pills for the economic ups and downs," he cries, "but he's not giving us any vitamins!" He is still attacking at nine o'clock: "Nixon spends his Sundays eating cottage cheese and watching football. Well, somebody's getting clipped—you, and you, and you!" He holds up a couple of bottle caps off bottles of lemon juice, one stamped 59 cents, the other 73 cents. "Does this look like effective price control to you?" The labor housewives love it.

Z-z-z-ap! Time to go—if you will believe it—time to go bowling. John Kannenberg, the Mayor of Wausau, is waiting at the Mountain Lanes Bowling Alley. Humphrey nimbly works his way among the other bowlers, shaking hands, kidding about a colorful shirt. He slips into bowling shoes and rolls two complete games with His Honor, losing both, but not badly. Back to the Holiday Inn! He stays up until well after midnight, talking tomorrow's plans with a zombie staff. At one A.M., to bed.

Humphrey made thirteen appearances that Tuesday in Wisconsin. Elsewhere in the state, his wife Muriel made twelve. As it turned out, Wednesday was not so busy, but

only by act of God. The snow that started in the night had closed all the airports but Milwaukee by dawn. Trips to Janesville and Beloit had to be scrubbed. Nevertheless, he made a Wausau high school in the morning and his inspired staff, madly improvising, booked him into another high school and another home for the elderly in Milwaukee that afternoon. And of course he made the plant gate of the A. O. Smith Company, where the candidate damned near froze and an aging correspondent simply marveled.

In the end, it availed him little. Thanks to a year's work and to superlative organization, George McGovern ran off with first place. Thanks to a heavy Republican cross-over vote, George Wallace finished second. With barely 20 per cent of the vote, Humphrey hobbled out of Wisconsin on crutches. He was Number Three. It was small consolation that Edmund Muskie was a poor fourth and Henry Jackson a failing fifth, or that John Lindsay packed up his saddle and rode back to Fun City. Humphrey had wanted Wisconsin badly; and he lost it.

The maxim applies, of course, to all the major candidates, but it applies with special force to Humphrey: The boy is father to the man. The qualities that distinguish Humphrey today—the folksiness, the compassion, the puppy-wiggle eagerness to please—were a part of his nature from childhood. He is peculiarly a product of the small town, of the tough row to hoe.

Humphrey was born May 27, 1911, in a room over his father's drug store on Main Street in Wallace, S.D. The first American Humphrey in his lineage emigrated to New England from Wales in the mid-seventeenth century. His great-great-great grandfather Elijah served three years in the Revolutionary War. A subsequent ancestor fought for the Union as a soldier from Connecticut. His grandfather took Greeley's advice, went west, pioneered in Oregon, and settled on a farm in Minnesota.

Humphrey's father, the senior Hubert Horatio, born in Oregon, took up the pharmacist's profession in South Dakota around the turn of the century. There he met and married Christine Sannes, the daughter of a Norwegian merchant captain who had left the sea to pioneer in the Dakotas. Their first-born child, Humphrey's older brother Ralph, died in 1967. Two younger sisters, both now widowed, survive—Frances in Arlington, Va., Fern in Minneapolis.

The family moved in 1915 from the small town of Wallace to the small town of Doland. Any person who knows the upper Midwest could paint Doland without having been there: against a level skyline, a grain elevator and two or three church spires; a school, a depot, a livery stable about to become a garage; a cluster of frame houses and stores, huddled against the prairie wind, the whole town of five hundred solidly self-contained.

Here Humphrey grew to adolescence. His biographer, Winthrop Griffith, records a gregarious and aggressive child. Humphrey once played the lead in a seventh-grade production of Jack and the Bean Stalk; it is recalled that he split his knickers sliding down the pole. In winter he organized snowball battles of Waterloo; he played Napoleon, and spurning history, beat the British every time. At seven he nearly died of influenza in the epidemic of 1918. He sang in the Methodist choir, served as a carrier for the *St. Paul Dispatch*, played work-up softball, made the high-school debating team. His was a world bounded by Webster, Watertown and Sioux Falls.

Humphrey adored his father and regarded him, until his death in 1949, as the greatest single influence on his life. The senior Humphrey might not have qualified as an intellectual, but he loved to read. At one point he bought radio time, the better to advertise his pharmacy, and spent it reading poetry to his rural customers—Edgar A. Guest to attract them, Poe to hold them, and Sandburg because he liked Sandburg best. Doc Humphrey had been reared a Republican, but he fell under the golden sway of William Jennings Bryan and became an ardent Democrat. He served as a city councilman and Mayor of Doland, attended three national Democratic Conventions, and imbued his growing family with a passionate dedication to Woodrow Wilson.

The elder Humphrey is remembered as a non-stop talker,

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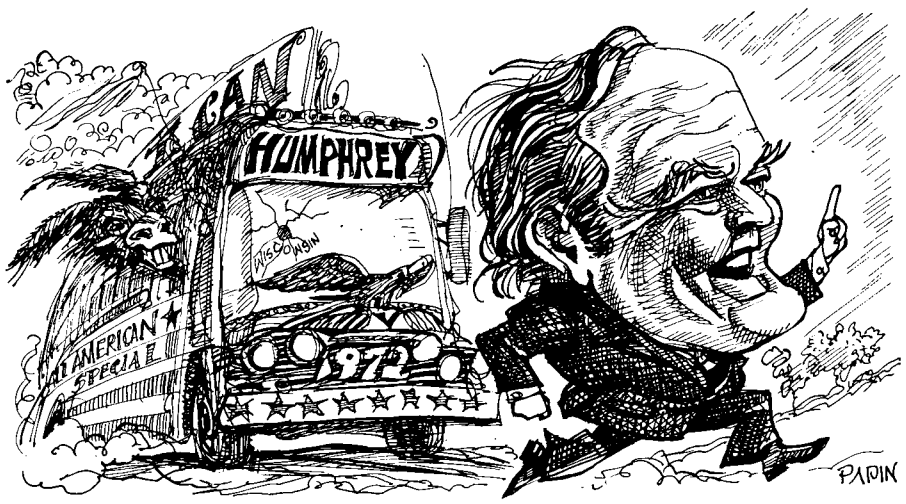
an inheritable characteristic. He too was a man of formidable energy. "Activity!" he used to cry at his son. "Activity!" By the mid-Twenties, there was not much activity in Doland. The town bank closed, dust storms swept across the land, and with recurring drought the depression came down like a gritty blanket. When Humphrey was graduated from high school in June of 1929, eggs were selling at 5 cents a dozen and wheat was on its way down from 76 cents a bushel to 25 cents.

YOUNG Humphrey went off to the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, but the family fortunes by this time were in deep trouble. Exhausted by the struggle to survive in Doland, Doc Humphrey moved on to Huron. Humphrey left Minneapolis for a crash course in pharmacy in Denver, and returned to work from seven A.M. to midnight at his father's side. They tried to develop a restaurant business along with the drug store—Hubert spent his Saturdays killing and cleaning chickens—but the enterprise failed. The dust storms struck with vindictive force, ninety of them in less than a year, leaving their powdery grit like a shroud on the city. Even Humphrey's irrepressible optimism barely survived: "We learned what it was to work our hardest, to work until we couldn't work any more—and still fail."

In his hours away from the drug store, Humphrey became active in the Epworth League. He served as scoutmaster for a couple of years. And he met Muriel Buck, the daughter of a Huron produce merchant who, incidentally, was one of the leading Republicans in town. Gradually things improved. He and Muriel were married in September 1936. They returned to Minneapolis in 1938, where they lived in a single third-floor room with a closet kitchen and a shared bath. Their total support came from Muriel's $55 a month as a bookkeeper—but they made it: In June 1939, at 28, Humphrey was graduated in political science, Phi Beta Kappa, the father of an infant daughter.

Humphrey's plan was to go into teaching. He took a master's degree at Louisiana State University, where they survived by selling sandwiches. It was the hardest year of their lives, but it paid off. They returned to Minneapolis, where Humphrey taught in a WPA-sponsored program for a few months before joining the faculty of Macalester College.



Then came his first stab at politics. In 1943 he ran for mayor. Unavoidably, perhaps, he left something of an impression of a fast-talking country boy from Huron seeking to tell Minneapolis how to reform city hall. Even so, he lost in the general election by fewer than five thousand votes. Two years later, in his second try, having resigned at Macalester, he swamped his opponent by thirty-one thousand. Meanwhile, he had been rejected for military service by reason of lung calcification, double hernia and color blindness.

Humphrey may have been 4-F for the Army, but he was 1-A for Minneapolis. He hurled himself into his job as Hurricane Hubert, the crime-busting Mayor. In one colorful incident, he personally nailed boards across the door of a schoolhouse that should have been condemned. He plunged into private labor negotiations. He scrambled to get veterans' housing built. He pressed successfully for adoption of the first municipal fair employment practice law in the country. He made two thousand speeches by actual count in his first two-year term. He loved being Mayor. And in 1947 he won re-election by a margin of fifty thousand.

Thus encouraged, Humphrey turned his eye toward the Senate. In the summer of 1948 he won a measure of national prominence for his part in nailing a strong civil rights plank into the Democratic platform. In August he hit the campaign trail. Minnesota had seen nothing like it before, and has seen nothing approaching it since. Humphrey made 691 speeches in that campaign. He visited every county fair and firemen's carnival. At Ortonville, perhaps symbolically, he entered a corn-eating contest and put away 25 ears. He beat Republican Joe Ball, an innocent bystander seeking a second term, by a walloping 236,000 votes. On the crest of a great foaming wave, Humphrey rolled off to Washington.

Where he flopped. The rule for freshman senators is that they should be seldom seen and less often heard. Humphrey was heard unrelentingly. Invited to a small get-acquainted dinner at the Cosmos Club, he acknowledged his introduction with an hour and thirty-minute speech. In those early months, he later told his biographer, "I was out of it—I was miserable—I felt like going home." In November his father died. The following February of 1950, Humphrey blundered incredibly in attacking Virginia's venerable Harry Flood Byrd, whose special delight was to serve as Chairman of the penny-pinching Committee on Reduction of Non-Essential Expenditures. For some reason, never satisfactorily explained, Humphrey was seized by an impulse to demand that the Committee be abolished. In a gross breach of Senate manners, he ripped into Byrd when the Virginian was absent at the bedside of his ailing mother. Senators retaliated by literally turning their backs upon Humphrey. He was humiliated absolutely. And he touched bottom.

It was 1951, well into his third year, before a chastened Humphrey worked his way back into the Senate's good graces. He made peace with the Southern aristocrats; he supported Dean Acheson for publicly standing by Alger

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Hiss, but otherwise he prudently avoided the pitfalls of McCarthy; and he labored diligently to become a modest expert on the structure of federal taxation. Meanwhile, he was busily demonstrating his grasp of the art of serving as a senator from Minnesota: He promoted butter as better than margarine; he wangled a commemorative stamp to honor the Mayo Clinic; and in 1951, in a masterful stroke, he engineered the appointment of Republican Luther Youngdahl to the federal bench, thus thoughtfully eliminating his most probable opposition in 1954.

So it developed. With Youngdahl sidelined, Humphrey easily disposed of Val Bjornson, and returned to Washington for his second term in the Senate. It proved much happier than the first. He won a coveted place on the Foreign Relations Committee, and began actively to cultivate a latent interest in foreign affairs. Over the next several years he traveled widely; he willingly accepted an Eisenhower appointment to the United Nations delegation; and in 1958 he fell into his astonishing eight-hour interview with Khrushchev in Moscow. Secure in the Senate, and increasingly well-known in the country, he felt the time had come to move up.

On Dec. 30, 1959, Humphrey announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. The Presidential bug had bitten him some months earlier, when Eugene McCarthy and Orville Freeman organized a Humphrey for President Committee. He had traveled widely during the autumn in the familiar role of the unannounced candidate. In Washington state, he had described himself to party leaders: "First of all, I am a liberal." In Los Angeles, he had talked of his party's future: "We must remake the Democratic Party into a party of liberalism."

Alas for Humphrey, John F. Kennedy announced his candidacy in January of 1960. In Wisconsin, where Humphrey had expected to overwhelm his young antagonist from Massachusetts, Kennedy neatly whipped him. Then came the debacle of West Virginia; and Humphrey withdrew. The defeat was a stinging blow to his ego. Still hurting from the bruise, he refused to support Kennedy at the Los Angeles Convention, and plumped vainly for Adlai Stevenson instead. But he was consoled in November when he won his own race for a third Senate term by a landslide 240,000 margin, twelve times as great as Kennedy's unimpressive twenty thousand.

With twelve years of seniority under his belt, Humphrey in 1961 settled down happily to another productive time in the Senate. As a candidate in 1960 he had run in second place to Kennedy; as Senate whip, he now was Number Two to Lyndon Johnson; a press poll ranked him behind Georgia's Richard Russell as the second most effective senator. He threw his energies wholesale into every issue that came along. The index to the Congressional Record for 1961 contains thirty full columns of entries under Humphrey, covering almost a thousand subjects on which the Senator had spoken. He was the prime mover for the Peace Corps; he labored incessantly for a beginning to Medicare; he led the liberal troops that in 1964 won the first major civil rights legislation in a hundred years. At Atlantic City that summer, though Lyndon Johnson wrung every last ounce of suspense from his choice, Humphrey was the obvious nominee for second spot on the ticket.

Humphrey's four years as Vice President were years of eclipse. He and Muriel lived in a comfortable apartment in the Harbour Square development of Southwest Washington. They entertained modestly. He traveled extensively. In unaccustomed silence, he presided over the Senate. But there was nothing much for him to do until the galvanic moment of Lyndon's political abdication in March of 1968. Humphrey exploded into action. McCarthy was already in the field. Robert Kennedy was coming in. Humphrey was in his element that spring, campaigning around the clock. Reporters looked back to Al Smith and hung an affectionate label on him—Humphrey, the Happy Warrior.

With Kennedy's assassination in June, it all began to crumble. In the bloody turmoil of the Chicago Convention, Humphrey accepted his party's nomination. He worked his heart out in the fall campaign, but there was never enough money and there was not enough time. He came close. He polled 31,275,000 to Nixon's 31,785,000, but he carried only fourteen states with 191 electoral votes. Wallace carried five with forty-six. Nixon swept the rest. Humphrey, once again, was only Number Two.

He picked up the pieces. Hoping to recover from campaign fatigue, he flew off to Arizona for a rest; he came down with a savage case of flu instead. It was late in January of 1969 before he and Muriel once more could get settled in Minneapolis. There Humphrey went back to his unforgotten first love: He was once more a professor of political science, lecturing three times a week, often for six hours at a stretch. Subsequently he became chairman of a board of educational consultants to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* He visited Japan and Korea. He was active, but he felt himself beached and stranded, out of the swift currents of public life. Eugene McCarthy had announced that he would give up his Senate seat. Humphrey wondered if Minnesota would like to have him back. Minnesota would. In November of 1970, Humphrey defeated Clark MacGregor and returned in January to the Senate to find an ovation waiting. A year later, in January of 1972, he announced he would shoot for Number One again.

HUMPHREY goes into the 1972 campaign with many assets. Muriel, perhaps, is foremost among them. She is one of the few women at high levels in Washington who is universally liked—a diamond-studded grandma, unpretentious, quick-witted, comfortable to be with. Their growing family (four children, eight grandchildren) has an all-American reassurance. Humphrey has a record of accomplishment starting with his years as mayor of Minneapolis. He enjoys massive support from organized labor, but he has not sorely offended big business either. On paper, at least, he should have excellent credentials with workers, farmers, blacks, young people and old people. Through the political subconscious, an underdog syndrome probably is working for him. He has enough money in sight ($3 million) to carry him through California and up to the Miami Beach Convention.

He has liabilities also. Except for Nixon, who lost in 1960 and came back to win in 1968, no party candidate in

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Mr. Kilpatrick is a columnist for the Washington Star Syndicate, a lecturer, an author, and frequently appears on TV talk shows.

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LETTER FROM HARRISBURG

Exeunt Laughing

SHELDON MOODY SMITH

CONFUSED? Well, Lord love us all, who isn't confused? The Harrisburg Seven trial looks more and more like the greatest federal fizzle of recent years.

Chief Prosecutor William Lynch avows a certain satisfaction because guilty verdicts were returned in seven out of the ten counts in the indictment, and "seven out of ten isn't bad." But those seven counts were all concerned with smuggling those silly letters. The big ones, the conspiracy charge, the blowing up of tunnels, the purloining of Henry Kissinger, all wound up with a hung jury: ten to two for acquittal, which is a pretty big point spread. Legally, what you are left with is a middle-aged priest and a nun who sneaked correspondence to each other, most of it via a convict whom Father Phil regarded as "one of our best people," but who was an FBI informant. This is not nice conduct, but if that's all there was, it is a big, expensive letdown: something like being promised the apocalypse and winding up with a leaky basement.

In terms of evidence, what the public knew at the end of the trial was essentially what it knew at the beginning. There were the letters, and there was Boyd Douglas. And the credibility of Douglas was the key. And the credibility of Boyd Douglas was straining things just a bit.

The man did put on a truly incredible performance for fourteen days. Only twice did the defense really trip him: once, on whether or not a particular conversation had been with Berrigan or Joseph Wenderoth, which was not particularly damaging. The other instance, much more damaging, was his testimony that Berrigan had said to him, after the University of Wisconsin bombing in August 1970: "What's one life in Wisconsin," and the defense was able to show that the time the conversation allegedly took place was some hours before the bombing occurred.

But there was also the psychological impact, and who can weigh its effect on a jury? Douglas' history includes bad checks, impersonating an officer, resisting arrest and assaulting a policeman. And there he sat, this avowedly devout son of the Roman Catholic Church, saying all of those awful things about these holy men and women, to whom he had lied. What the government needed was lots of corroboration. And it had little.

Time after time, the courtroom was prepared for a large explosion, and time after time it got a very little bang. Two college students testified that Wenderoth had discussed sabotaging federal utilities: One went on to say that it seemed like a pretty vague idea, while the other one said he thought the idea had been dropped. The prosecution produced a manual on explosives with Wenderoth's fingerprints on it. Aha! Who gave him the manual? Boyd Douglas. Who gave Douglas the manual? The FBI. And on and on.

THE MORE you watched these people, the more you listened to them, the more you read those goofy letters, the harder it was to take the trial seriously. If these are the revolutionaries, then revolution is bankrupt. The whole notion of kidnaping Kissinger was probably just what the defense said it was: a fantasy that went noplace. But even as a fantasy it is bizarre. Not just Kissinger: a whole jury of liberals was to be kidnaped to listen to him. The conspiracy would have wound up with about a hundred people if it had ever gotten off the ground. As for blowing up tunnels, it's highly unlikely that this crew could blow up a balloon.

Not that they should be simply accepted as naïve innocents. Already the cries are going up about oppression, and injustice, and, oh, the outrage of prosecuting these people who want nothing but peace . . . who so hate violence. But there are disturbing second thoughts on this. If Father Phil's musings about Kissinger were merely musings, surely the man must have meant *something* in all those letters? Such as?

Such as the lines from one letter to Liz: ". . . some of the young guys here —who more and more, sit in on the raps—car thieves, bank robbers, old and experienced cons, for all of their young ages. They are creative, personable, funny, violent, racist. But what an injection they'll add to our movement. We hope, before we leave here, to have them started on an investigation of life—one which will put their obvious talents at our disposal. It is a long shot, but not unlikely."

"Violent"? "Racist"? Precisely what is going on? Did this veteran of ghetto parishes instruct them as to the meaning of racism? Did this ardent pacifist try to dissuade them from violence? We do not know. But he appears to be willing to enlist them and their "obvious talents" as is. By way of speculation, maybe there was no conspiracy in the legal sense of the term. But maybe, also, you have a group of people casting around for new ideas. The Catholic Left is pretty well out of steam. The draft board raids have lost their bite. Where, precisely, do you go from here? Who will your allies be? Who will your recruits be? No one denied that the defendants accepted Douglas as a demolition expert (even though he lied about it), and accepted him as a friend and confidant. Strange company for pacifists.

After all of those long, long days there is that sudden, dramatic beginning of the end. On March 24, Ramsey Clark stood up and announced: "The defendants shall always seek peace. They are innocent of the charges against them. The defense rests."

Very effective. "We are treating the government's case with such complete contempt that we won't even reply." But also, who can say what questions the prosecution might have asked of defense witnesses (who were denied immunity by the court)? So the defense rested, just at that psychologically precise moment when Holy Week began in Harrisburg.

Who was running this show? Was anybody? Did those bishops who celebrated a Eucharist on the Federal Building steps on Wednesday know that they were playing second banana

Mr. Smith covered the Harrisburg Seven trial for NATIONAL REVIEW.

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to Alger Hiss' performance on Tuesday night?

What a show. Sad, dreary, uninteresting, but significant. Here were all those youngsters learning about repression, and nonviolence, and freedom, and community, and who thought of Hiss? Was he the thermometer to see just how hot things really are? Was he the measure of the generation gap? Ask the youth in attendance: Who is Alger Hiss? "Some guy Nixon sent to jail." "A victim of the system." "A political prisoner."

Eqbal Ahmad introduced Alger Hiss, stating not who, but what he is: "Alger Hiss is one of the few reminders that America had a past of courage." The audience applauded, recalling Ralph de Toledano's gemlike line of twenty years ago: "the innocents who believe in Tinker Bell." Hiss began by explaining (he was seated starboard of Ahmad) "I am, in more ways than one, to the right of Dr. Ahmad. I am an unreconstructed New Dealer." (That faint noise was the sound of Martin, Barton and Fish searching in the beyond for the ectoplasm of Sacco and Vanzetti.) And Hiss went on to describe all of his fellow "victims" whose services we have been denied for the last two decades: John Stewart Service, [see "On the Right"], John Vincent, Owen Lattimore, O. Edmund Clubb. *Now* we know why we have had such a mess in the Far East: Look at the help we have rejected. He also didn't have the foggiest notion of what he was supposed to talk about: in his way, somewhat pathetic. He is an old man, who is out of things, who was trotted out to make one point: Nixon is a born persecutor and this repression, kids, was going on when you were infants. For that, he was just the right man.

Holy Week stumbled on to the giant rally on Saturday, the jury then having been out two days. The safe guess seemed to be that there were about six thousand present: not a bad showing but far short of the expected fifteen thousand. You wonder why anyone who has ever been to one rally would ever show up at another: so much time, effort and money, and such sodden happenings.

Guerrilla theater. Watch guerrilla theater day in and out, and then try to say what is going on. Ralph Abernathy with the same speech he has been giving for years. Sister Liz who may, on this occasion, be coherent (but isn't). Fania Jordan (sister of Angela Davis) praising the Communist Party, U.S.A. to the stratosphere. All of these remarks were soaked in by Ramsey Clark, former Attorney General, U.S.A. How did Clark feel, as he stood there with the Vietcong flag whipping in the breeze fifty feet away? Having concluded his summation to the jury with a passionate discourse about how he used to hate the tactics of the Berrigans, but now regards them as heroes, what are his thoughts?

The rally was supposed to pull everything together. In one sense it did. It presented one single force of repression, and now we must all unite behind the Seven, and Angela and Ellsberg. Never mind that the Seven are charged with conspiracy on federal grounds; that Ellsberg is charged with taking letters of a classified nature; that Ms. Davis is charged (under a state law) with being an accessory to murder. It's the *system*, don't you see?

How do you argue with a mind-set? Sister McAlister, in her smuggled letters, revealed the conviction that Nixon would be using nuclear weapons by the end of 1970. Joseph Wenderoth, one of the defendants, is convinced that geno-

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LETTER FROM ROME

Those Confusing Elections

CARLO COLONNA

THE ITALIAN parliamentary elections are hard upon us and they are a nightmare for the political prognosticator. The field is crowded, and confused. Thirty-seven million Italian voters are being asked to choose nearly a thousand legislators, including 330 new senators, from a slate of seven thousand candidates representing eight major parties and a host of minor ones. The May 7 election was called, a full year ahead of schedule, when President Giovanni Leone concluded, early in March, that no workable cabinet could be put together. For the past two months Italy has been ruled by a caretaker government of Christian Democrats headed by Giulio Andreotti.

In the quarter-century following World War II, Italy staged an economic miracle that transformed it from a poor agricultural state into seventh among the industrial nations of the world. Then, in the late Sixties, things began to go sour. Rolling strikes, social unrest and street violence slowed its economic growth; the Christian Democratic Party, which had provided the leadership since the war, split into bitter, warring factions. On top of this, the great battle over the new divorce law inflamed historic hostilities between Church and State.

What makes this election so different is that new elements have entered the political scene from stage right and stage left.

On the Right, there is Giorgio Almirante's *Movimento Sociale Italiano* (MSI), the so-called neofascist party, which had been pretty much discounted as a force until last June when it doubled its vote in regional and provincial elections, mostly at the expense of the Christian Democrats. Almirante, who is 57, was a member of the Fascist Party and served Benito Mussolini to the bitter end in 1945. But his party is not campaigning on anything that could be described as a fascist platform. He is calling for a presidential system of government along Gaullist lines, for more stringent curbs on illegal strikes and for a restoration of governmental authority all along the line. What he is pitching for is the law-and-order, protest vote. And right now he is the only political leader who seems to be looking forward to election night. Almirante predicts the MSI will get 10 per cent of the votes (in the last parliament it had only 24 seats) and, although that estimate seems high, he has the rest of the parties worried.

ON THE Left, the Communist Party, still Western Europe's largest, is having its own troubles with active and belligerent Maoist, Trotskyist and anarchist factions that have rejected its leadership and accused it of bourgeois stodginess. The new Communist mood, its concern with respectability, was reflected at the Party Congress in Milan a month ago. Delegates and guests from all over the world (with the exception of China and Albania) assembled, checking into such crowded luxury hotels as the Milan Hilton. Papers were checked carefully at Convention Hall to make sure that the opposition Maoists and Trotskyists didn't get in. Enrico Berlinguer, a 49-year-old Sardinian aristocrat, was elected Secretary General. He delivered a mild speech reflecting more concern for the coming elections than for ideological orthodoxy and, in an interview with the Party weekly *Rinascita*, he emphasized that "Italian Communists can still wait patiently, knowing that their role as members of the opposition is still valid and useful." Hardly a flaming manifesto. How many young radicals disillusioned by these tactics will split off and vote for a rival Communist slate running under the banner of the "Manifesto Party" is hard to determine.

There is a widespread feeling of unrest and fear in Italy, resulting from the wave of social and political violence. For more than three years now, schools and universities have been in turmoil; many of the demands of the students are reasonable, but the government has never come across with the series of sweeping university reforms it has promised. The growing power of the unions has created a sense of desperation among many industrialists, shaken by costly wildcat strikes. So serious is the situation that even the Communist Party has suggested that the Marxist-controlled CGIL, the union to which many of the heavy industry workers in the north belong, call for a labor-management truce until the present economic crisis is over.

Violence, which was touched off in 1969 when sixteen people were killed in a Milan bank explosion, is on the upgrade. Just a fortnight ago the Italian publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli—publisher of Pasternak, friend of Castro and Debray, ultraleftist—was found dead on the outskirts of Milan, presumably killed accidentally while trying to blow up a power pylon. A recent report by the Ministry of the Interior estimates that about twenty thousand extremists in Milan are organized along paramilitary lines.

All these factors could cut into the regular Communist vote, as the young radicals move left politically and the lower-middle-class voters, who have gone Communist in the past, vote for law and order.

MEANWHILE, Christian Democratic former Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani has swung into battle and indications are that he will make an impressive political comeback after having lost the bitter fight for the presidency to Giovanni Leone last December. Fanfani has called on Christian Democratic factions to bury the hatchet for the moment, join ranks behind him, and be voted back into parliament in large enough numbers to be able to pick and choose their coalition partners. Fanfani, who was an advocate of the *apertura a sinistra* a decade ago, now hints that perhaps the Christian Democratic Party could do better next time around to renew its alliance with the moderate and conservative groups, such as the Liberals (the Italian conservative party), and swing the country to the right. □

Mr. Colonna reports for Italian magazines and newspapers on the American scene. This is his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW.

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TURMOIL IN IRELAND

An Englishman who has lived and taught in Belfast for thirteen years looks at current developments, explains the Catholic fears, the motives of the IRA and guesses reunion may come—in about fifty years

Belfast Dialogue

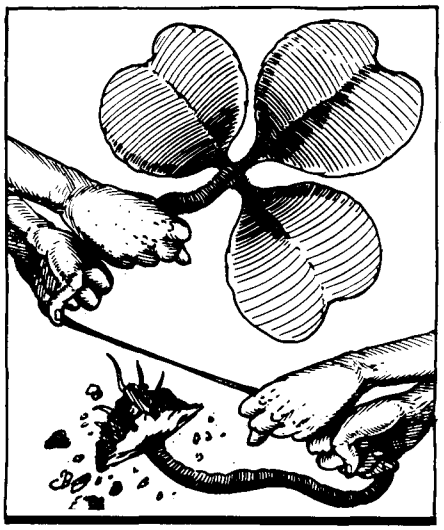
FRANCIS RUSSELL

(A dialogue between Francis Russell (F.R.) and an old army colleague (G.J.) over the past several weeks. A Cambridge graduate, a teacher for a time at A. S. H. Neill's Summerhill, G.J. received his PhD in psychology from Harvard after World War II. Thirteen years ago he went from England to Belfast as a lecturer in psychology at Queen's University and later became adviser in clinical psychology to the Northern Ireland Hospitals Authority. —Ed.)

WHEN I LIVED IN DUBLIN in 1946 the border seemed to be no longer an active issue but one of those things that would eventually solve itself after an economic equilibrium had been reached between North and South. At that time in the South they were very sensitive about any hint of direct action. There was a small group of IRA fanatics who used money they wheedled from America to persuade country boys to do occasional desperate things, like blowing up those English post-boxes in 1939. But they never made any impression on anyone I knew in Dublin. Nobody seemed to care any more about Ulster. When you went to Ireland, did you find it in the North as I found it 26 years ago in the South?

G.J. I found a tendency for people just not to discuss politics. There was a certain amount of Catholic resentment at the way the Protestants ran the show, but no one said much. I had the feeling of an uneasy quiet, that people weren't satisfied and that the Protestants were alert in case there might be some kind of upsurge against them.

I had an interesting experience when I first went there. I happened to be staying in Finaghy outside Belfast on the twelfth of July. The Orange lodges were all taking part in a big procession



that ended in a field where they had political speeches and lots of beer and, in the evening, all went rolling home. The bread-server, the old man who came round with the bread mornings where I was staying, said to me: "I expect ye'd like to know what's going on here?" I said I would. He said: "The point of all this march is that we've got to show these Catholics that we're still here, and we've got to show them who's master. If we don't they'll overrun us!"

That was my introduction as to how people felt. When I went to select a secretary I was told that in the Northern Ireland Hospitals Authority only a certain proportion of the clerical staff should be Catholics. You could tell what religion the applicants were because they had to give the school they'd gone to. The senior clerk arranged to pull out the names of the people we'd select from so there wouldn't be too many Catholics. Of course there are any number of Catholics in the government. The permanent secretary of the Ministry of Education at Stormont was a Catholic and so was the deputy chairman of the Housing Authority. A fair proportion of the consultants of the Health Service is now Catholic.

F.R. Since the Protestants are supposed to be the descendants of the Scots immigrants and the others the original Irish, can you tell them apart by their physical types?

G.J. No, I can't, but people who've lived all their lives in Northern Ireland say they can. It may be true. But I can't.

F.R. When were you first aware that the situation had changed from what it was when you arrived?

G.J. From '59 to '68 there was really no change. Things were in fact rather dull. Then in '68 the civil rights organizations became active, and some of the students formed themselves into the so-called People's Democracy Movement. Bernadette Devlin was a student in her third year then and one of the leaders.

F.R. Were those just the Catholic students?

G.J. Oh, no. There were all sorts of students including a number of my own graduate students who came from all over the British Isles and beyond; all students with left-wing or liberal interests.

F.R. The majority?

G.J. The majority were apolitical and still are. But the People's Democracy minority started to participate in the politics of the area, organizing parades in support of civil rights, one-man one-

Mr. Russell is working on President-Makers from Mark Hanna to Joseph Kennedy *and a book on the Boston police strike of 1919.*

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vote at local elections, fairer distribution of housing and jobs. I was rather pleased, for I was in favor of all the things the civil rights people were asking for. Very few people, even Unionists, would argue much about the quite legitimate grouses that the Catholics had because of discrimination. They would, at the same time, say that the Catholics were still better off here than in the South, as far as welfare services, social services and health services.

As I said, I was pleased when things began to stir a little. But I was not expecting what eventually happened. I think that there is no doubt that under the guise of civil rights the other elements crept in with quite different aims and intentions. I believe that the politicians in the IRA would indeed be very happy to subvert the state in the South as well as in the North and that insofar as the IRA has any coherent plan of action, it is to get at the South via the North, by removing the Stormont government for good, and, having done so, they might then be free to move against the Green Tories in the South. There's a very strong movement in the South to nationalize the lands and the waters of Ireland, and a strong xenophobia too, that shows in the burning of some of the houses of Germans who have bought property there.

F.R. They burnt them?

G.J. Yes. There's also a very strong feeling against land owners. A friend of mine who has two hunting lodges that used to belong to the Earl of Sligo and runs fisheries on lochs and rivers in County Mayo is constantly being threatened by the local Sinn Fein with fish-ins on his waters. He counter-threatens them with graze-ins on their land! Life is uncomfortable in the North, but it's not much more comfortable in the South. Certainly I would think that the IRA if they were successful in the North would then begin to exert very considerable pressure upon the government of the South with the intention of introducing republican socialism. I don't know how realistic this political program is.

F.R. This is what Bernadette Devlin wants.

G.J. Yes. She's got some very primitive ideas. She wants to go back to the commune, the period when everybody could start from scratch again. It's difficult for me to distinguish what she wants from what the political wing of the official IRA wants. What the Provisional IRA stands for nobody knows because they've never told us.

F.R. What do you think they stand for?

G.J. They seem to stand for very short-term objectives, largely to disrupt, in fact to destroy, the commercial life of Belfast. They've certainly been very rigorous in destroying public buildings and shops and offices. But since they've never published any program, I don't know whether they have one.

F.R. They just speak of a United Ireland and let it go at that without defining what a united Ireland might mean, and without saying what they're going to do with the million Protestants.

G.J. The Provos (Provisional IRA) will say they want to root out the British invader; they want to abolish the Stormont forever; they want to get rid of the border. The purpose of their destruction is to make life so intolerable for the average citizen in the North that he'll want peace at any price.

F.R. What did you yourself notice then of the increasing tension? You spoke yesterday of the Protestants burning out the Catholics.

G.J. Most of that happened when we were away on holiday. We only saw the burnt out shells of houses and factories afterward. The tension that I was first aware of was the enormous hostility of the Protestant working-class people against the Catholics.

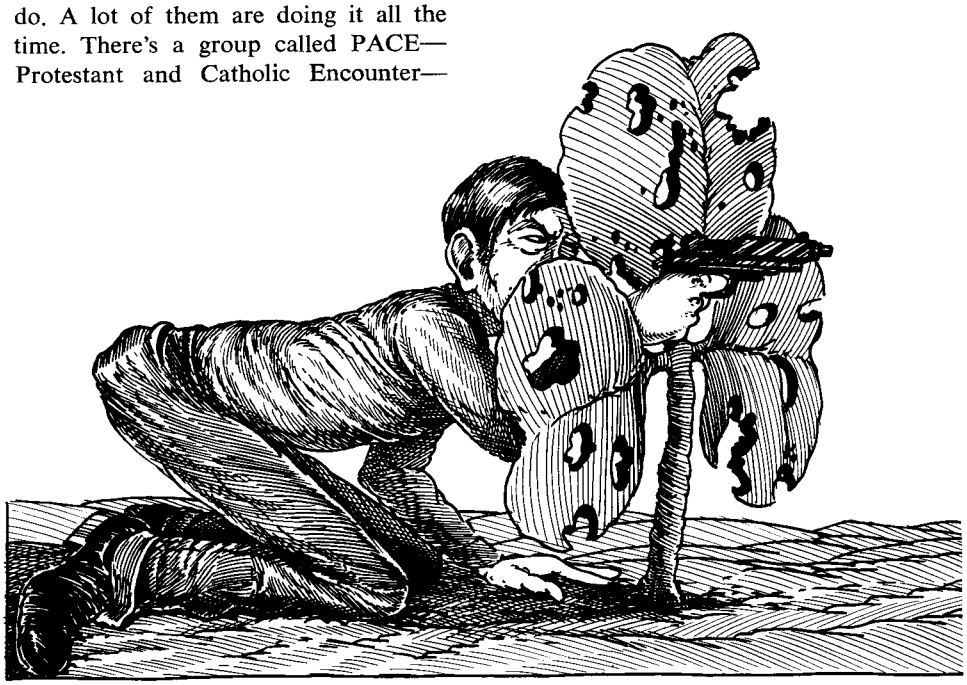
F.R. The hostility is more of a working-class phenomenon, isn't it?

G.J. Yes. Middle-class Catholics and Protestants have always been able to talk together reasonably well and still do. A lot of them are doing it all the time. There's a group called PACE—Protestant and Catholic Encounter—which is a group of intellectuals and professional people meeting weekly who can certainly be relied on to work together in any rational way. Similarly there's the Alliance Party which is a Protestant-Catholic party, again essentially middle class, formed at the time of the last election to support [Prime Minister Terence] O'Neill.

At that time we felt O'Neill was the best man to do what ought to be done in granting the demand of the civil rights movement and in fact by doing this he got unseated in the process. The tension I felt was largely coming from Protestants at that time, who were showing most hostility toward any kind of change. Now, of course, the initiative has swung over to the Catholic side. The IRA is largely responsible for calling the tune. They now have a good deal more support among the Catholic sections of the community than they did in '68 to '69.

F.R. The troops came to stop the Protestants?

G.J. Yes, the troops had to step in, were called for in order to prevent the Protestants from massacring large numbers of Catholics. This was well on its way to happening, you see. They were going into Catholic houses and burning them down and the situation in the summer or '69 was very dangerous indeed. Certainly the British soldiers when they came in were welcomed as liberators by the local Catholic population of Belfast and Derry and were treated well by them. Without the sol-



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diers, I think the Protestants would certainly not have stayed quiet.

F.R. The IRA bombing started after the troops came.

G.J. Yes. The shooting had been directed very largely against the army, against soldiers, against policemen, against the members of the Ulster Defense Regiment. The bombing however has been directed against the civilian population, not so much against life as against property, though lives are lost in the process.

F.R. The Protestants have been quiescent since the troops came?

G.J. They have been and they have been told to be. They are waiting. There is a considerable amount of local organization. All the Protestant streets have their own vigilante organizations and I have seen handbills giving instructions to people in the Protestant areas on how to organize themselves and appoint a group leader, to have a sergeant in charge of each street, and under no circumstances to become involved in confrontation with the British Army. This kind of organization is there and could be implemented if the army were withdrawn. The Protestants are well armed, just as well if not better than the Catholics and the IRA.

F.R. You said something about gun clubs.

G.J. The gun clubs have been Protestant clubs. I don't think there have been any Catholic gun clubs at all. The clubs have increased enormously. Over the past two years there've been a great many new ones formed. The members have plenty of opportunity for target practice.

F.R. Do they keep live weapons at home?

G.J. So far as I know they do. There are very large numbers of weapons. Occasional attempts to get people to surrender them have never been very successful. The Protestants in any case all have licenses for the guns they hold.

F.R. How much did you say it cost England a year to sustain Northern Ireland?

G.J. The contribution is somewhere in the neighborhood of £100 million a year from the British Exchequer, largely to sustain the health services, the personal and social services and the unemployment benefits.

F.R. Has there been this unemployment since World War II in Northern Ireland?

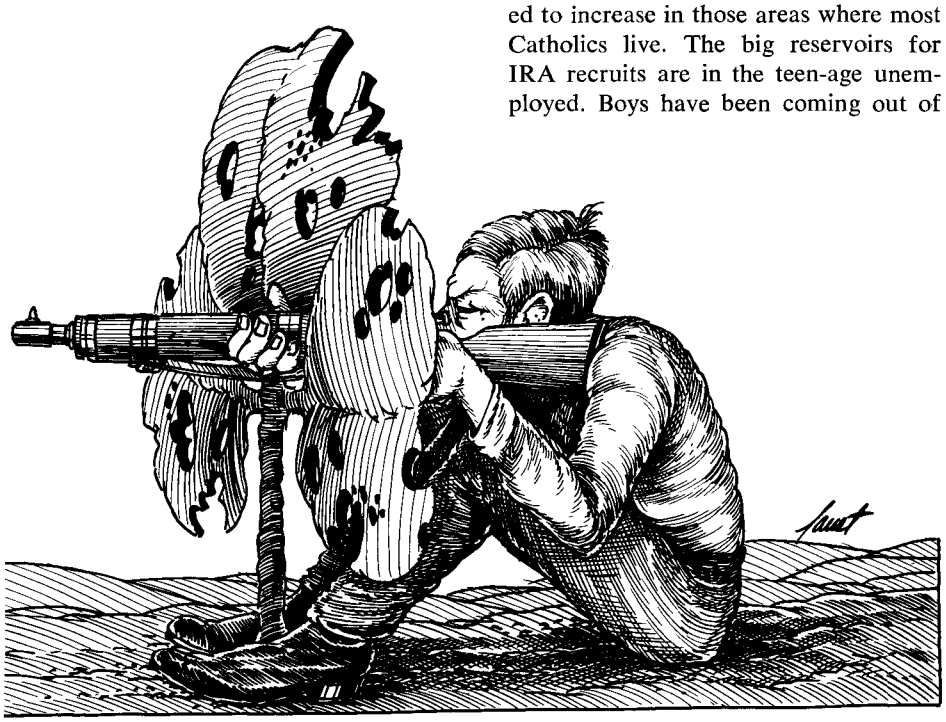
G.J. There's always been a residue there even with full employment in England. During the war they were building ships. They were also building aircraft and after the war there was a certain amount of new industry attracted to Northern Ireland. In fact [Brian] Faulkner, when he was minister of commerce, was very successful in attracting industry from England and Europe. Grundig, for example, has a large plant outside Belfast, but there has been at least 8 per cent unemployment for probably the last ten years. The aircraft industry has been down, shipping has been down. Unemployment has unfortunately tended to increase in those areas where most Catholics live. The big reservoirs for IRA recruits are in the teen-age unemployed. Boys have been coming out of school for years now at fifteen who've never gone into any employment at all; they've gone straight into the dole queue. Now if you can offer these people guns and training and some kudos and indeed, plenty of money, for they get paid £50 for every bomb they plant . . .

F.R. And the excitement?

G.J. Yes, the excitement, and get recognition as a hero and be given some kind of military rank as a lieutenant in the IRA, then quite clearly this is much better than doing nothing. I think if we had full employment, if everybody had a decent house and a job, there'd be very little support for the IRA. This is one of the things the British government certainly had to do, that is, infuse massive financial aid into Northern Ireland to get industry going again. This, of course, the IRA won't like and will certainly try to disrupt. The nearer we come to putting Northern Ireland on its feet economically and politically and socially, the more vigorously will the IRA react because they don't want any kind of rapprochement at all. I would think they'd therefore redouble their efforts. I'm not convinced that the Catholic population is solidly behind the IRA, because, for one thing, they realize they have relatively good conditions even though there is unemployment and they have been discriminated against. From the point of view of the unemployment benefits and the health and general welfare services, they are all vastly superior to anything in the South. Even the housing is better, a lot better. Northern Ireland housing has really been quite a model for the whole of England. Public housing has been very vigorous under the Northern Ireland Housing Trust, probably better than in other parts of Great Britain. The people have in fact a lot to lose by joining up with the South, as even the Catholics appreciate. So I would doubt whether they are solid at all behind the IRA or behind any immediate movement to get rid of the border.

F.R. How far do you live from the center of Belfast?

G.J. About three miles. I live near the University and so far this area has been relatively quiet. But only three miles away across the railroad line is the Falls area which is Catholic. At night we're constantly hearing gun battles going on there. I remember especially the night of August 9, when internment was introduced. We heard gunfire all night,



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and we do from time to time still. The center of Belfast has become a dangerous place because at least six bombs go off every day and usually in places that are public thoroughfares with many passersby who, if not blown up, can be severely injured by flying glass.

F.R. So you don't go downtown if you can help it?

G.J. No, I never go downtown. I try to keep my family away as much as possible.

F.R. You go to theaters or cinemas?

G.J. I wouldn't think of it.

F.R. They're still open?

G.J. Some of them. A number of places have closed down though. Grand Central Hotel for instance. People stay in as much as possible at night now. If they eat out, they go out into the country rather than into town.

F.R. How did you feel about them interning the IRA leaders?

G.J. I don't like people being locked up indefinitely. All those one can charge in the courts should be charged. Although it may be difficult to get them convicted under present circumstances, because juries and witnesses can be intimidated, I think from the point of view of political initiative it would be worth risking. Those who can't be charged should be let go.

F.R. Do you think internment was a mistake in the first place?

G.J. It hasn't helped at all. The level of terrorist activity has not been reduced. What it would be like if these seven hundred internees at Long Kesh and Gilligan were released I don't know. But I'd be inclined to take the risk. Internment is the stumbling block. Remove it, and the Catholic opposition wouldn't have a leg to stand on. They are using this as a red herring, but I think we might call their bluff. Their unwillingness to parley, made a very strong case for the British government's taking over the security arrangements from the Northern Ireland government and for being a good deal tougher in respect to what they would be prepared to discuss. Up till now, the Social Democrat and Labor Party members of which there are eight or ten, the main opposition group in Parliament, have refused to talk at all about anything until internment is completely ended. Well, with the end of internment in sight, we will see what happens.

F.R. Going back before the British takeover, what do you think would have happened if at that point, as people like Senator Kennedy demanded, the British troops had been withdrawn?

G.J. The Protestants, feeling very threatened, would have taken the matter into their own hands. No question about it. The Unionists would demand recalling the disbanded B-specials, and forming some kind of volunteer armed militia, and I think they would have gotten them. The British army's place would be taken by an armed Protestant militia that would then proceed to deal with the IRA, perhaps more effectively than the British army is now able to do.

F.R. They'd win.

G.J. Undoubtedly they'd win.

F.R. And you don't think the South would interfere with them?

G.J. I don't think they could. They don't have much of an army and it's not very reliable. The police in the South, incidentally, have very little sympathy for the IRA. I think mostly because the IRA are in competition with them.

F.R. I remember your speaking yesterday of some of the Belfast dockers in the early Twenties drowning their Catholic co-workers.

G.J. That might be another move they'd make. Also, calling a general strike, and bringing the whole of industry to a standstill. They could refuse to allow any kind of Catholic worker to work alongside them in any industry.

F.R. Do you think they would have expelled the Catholics from all industries?

G.J. I think they would. They'd certainly be capable of doing it. In these extremities they would use violent measures. They're tough people those Protestant workers, extremely tough. When I first went to Northern Ireland and heard people like Paisley and William Craig talking, I had the feeling I was in Nazi Germany again.

F.R. Do you think the Protestants could drive any of the Catholics out of their houses in the housing estates?

G.J. They've done it already, in '69 and '70. They'd be prepared to do it again. The Protestants are quite capable of doing anything that the IRA does. Certainly, if it were a matter of fighting for their own houses, they would have no compunction, and this is how they would have interpreted the situation if the British army had left.

F.R. How do you think it will end?

G.J. I think it will end slowly, but eventually we shall get some kind of much more representative government that does in fact incorporate Catholic opinion adequately. It may be that this will have to be imposed on the intransigent Protestants, the Unionist right wing, by the British government. The British government has now taken over the government of Northern Ireland.

But I would expect that there will in fact be improved economic conditions, a real attempt to raise the standard of living in both halves of Ireland. The union of Ireland is not an immediate or realistic possibility. It will come eventually, possibly after years of being in the European Common Market together, but only after considerable changes in the South such as separating the church from the state, drawing up a new constitution and bringing their own level of economic well-being at least to the level of the North. That may come about as a result of the European Common Market. But it will be slow. It could well take another fifty years before we can get North and South straightened out. It won't come dramatically.

F.R. Do you think there would be any possibility of desegregating the schools in Northern Ireland? The present schools are either Protestant or Catholic. Would the Protestants and the Catholics each object to combining them?

G.J. The Protestants would not object. They already accept a certain number of Catholic children in their schools. I asked this question at a dinner party recently of a Catholic higher-up in the Northern Ireland civil service, and he said under no circumstances would Cardinal Conway accept the desegregation of education in Northern Ireland. He said the Catholics would insist on retaining their own schools. This goes to the root of the matter in many ways. Children who are trained in separate schools and who live in separate housing estates and who have no contact with the other side are bound to be prejudiced. This is one of the things that would have to be talked about over the years to come. Common education is essential.

F.R. There seems to be such hate by the Catholics against the troops, particularly after the killings in Derry. Do you think really in their hearts they want the troops to go?

G.J. The Catholics?

F.R. Yes.

G.J. I think there's a good deal of hate,

(Continues on page 481)

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THE GAY LOUNGE

Coming Out at Columbia

D. KEITH MANO

It might have been a vestry meeting; perhaps a monthly session of the local volunteer fireman's association. The hair was somewhat longer, of course, than one generally will see amongst firemen and church wardens, but the dress was rather conservative, neat. There was bickering; procedural fine points were as elusive as they ever are when men organize. It was frankly boring to an outsider, yet not boring at all. Given a certain shared sexual premise, the range of faces and physical types was extraordinary, educative. Some you could have spotted easily from a car doing seventy on the Thruway; some might have presented only interesting doubts after a ten minute conversation; some could have passed for your average Midwestern football player, maybe not a first-string football player, but a football player nonetheless. It was efficiently destructive of stereotypes. I had been invited to a weekly business meeting of Gay People at Columbia (GPC) in their controversial, dreary gay lounge.

They have all "come out"—the cant phrase that designates an unequivocal acceptance, an opening of closet doors (closet as in "closet queen"). It is analogous, I suppose, to the word "vocation" amongst young seminarians. "Coming out" has become both more fashionable and more feasible these days. The Gay People have turned militant in a mild way as modern militancy goes. Their cheerless lounge at Columbia—an old dormitory storeroom with naked steam pipes and naked concrete block walls—is an emblem that has caused repercussions across America.

First precedent had been established by the black lounge at Columbia. Soon after a skittish, fawning administration sanctioned Oriental and Puerto Rican lounges, where, presumably, Oriental and Puerto Rican things are done that could not properly be done elsewhere.

D. Keith Mano's latest novel is The Proselytizer.

The Gays, oppressed but not clearly ethnic, had tried to elaborate the administration's faulty logic. Mort Manford, the articulate and winning GPC spokesman without title or portfolio, detailed the chronology of events for me. He patiently adjusted my several misconceptions. Manford could pass for your brother-in-law (the one that doesn't look like Bette Davis), but as a point of honor, he refuses to do so. He also refuses to disparage gays who use gaudy and theatrical paraphernalia of gesture or garb or intonation. When the closet door opens, well . . . you accept what you find there.

Since the scarifying spring of '68 at Columbia, various dorm councils have had power to allocate space through an intramural democratic process, subject to dean's office veto. On application the Furnald Hall Council voted, by a handsome margin, to set aside an unused basement storeroom for the GPC. The administration, made coy by grim experience, has gone underground. It will not sanction the lounge (and thereby give its imprimatur to the sexual predilection of the loungers). The lounge continues to have only a de facto existence.

Yet it provides a congenial and homey ambiance despite the Early Superintendent decor. Seventy-five to one hundred different individuals spend some time there during the average week. A really accurate estimate is hampered for obvious reasons, but Jimmy the Greek's latest line puts 10, perhaps 15 per cent of Columbia's population (students, staff, faculty) in the gay camp to some overt or latent degree. Very profitable dances have been organized; several hundred attended the most recent, a large proportion drawn from the city at large (probably the first stag *and* drag dances ever held). From this nerve center literature is promulgated, delegates sent out, rapprochements planned with the diverse lesbian conclaves in New York. But the sanctuary aspect of Columbia's gay lounge is most significant. Here homophiles can rap without embarrassment, assured of sympathy and, better still, of empathy. Gays have no suitable places to gather in, Manford told me. So-called gay bars are often operated by that stronghold of sexual tolerance, the Mafia. They are sleazy and dangerous joints; their patrons are subjected to extortion, police raids etc.

Therapy has not been provided for its members by GPC; frankly the concept is disdained. Manford insists that one's sexual coloring is assumed by age seven or eight, not age seventeen or eighteen. Though it validates and concretizes homosexual lifestyles, he tells you, the gay lounge cannot deprive susceptible undergraduates of their motivation toward normality. The usual gay is not a sexual kamikaze; he doesn't seduce innocent freshmen. Manford speaks of the hetero-homo range in percentages: thirty-seventies, eighty-twenties and so forth. Possibly one or two fifty-fifties will opt for their homosexual half because of an available, recognized gay life at college. Little harm: in an overpopulated world, he says matter-of-factly, why inhibit civilization's unreproductive parts? Homosexuality is not merely good—it's ecology, a recycling of the species. And the lounge has vastly improved emotional prospects for the gays. This is not a small matter: Nearly all suicides at Columbia (and there are two or three per year) have been caused, in considerable part, by repressed, unsatisfied homosexual drives.

Dr. Robert Liebert, a faculty member, agrees substantially with Manford's evaluation. During its short, hectic existence GPC has clearly mitigated the terrific, often self-destructive tensions endemic amongst campus gays. In an interesting article in *Change* Magazine (Oct. 1971) based on the lounge controversy he suggests:

> Although psychotherapy could be enormously helpful to the majority of homosexuals, if they all entered therapy to explore the possibility of achieving satisfactory heterosexuality, the percentage that could reach that goal would be very small. Contrary to the view of some militant gays, it is quite possible for highly motivated men who have been exclusively gay to shift to a fulfilling heterosexual marriage and fatherhood, with no further homosexual activity, as a result of intensive psychotherapy. I have invariably found that

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such treated individuals had to be able to first achieve—either before or during therapy—a sustained, loving homosexual relationship. To have the capacity to love another human being requires a sense of self-worth and self-acceptance. This is not easily accomplished if one has accepted society's definition of being diseased, perverted or defective.

Liebert's findings are, I think, quite plausible. Access to heterosexuality occurs through—not against the grain of—homosexual practices. The lounge probably improves the likelihood of "conversion." In any case the gains or losses will be infinitesimal. Meanwhile a sensible, tolerant attitude toward gays on campus seems, at the very least, humane.

The gays use terminology and tactics appropriated from older civil rights campaigns. Manford speaks glibly of "oppression," "segregation first, integration later," "gay is beautiful," etc. In general the terms are only obliquely pertinent. This strategy has been imposed by the ethnic lounges and by the administration's vague guidelines for them. The black organization, the Students' Afro-American Society (SAS), is bitterly, even pathologically, resentful of the gay lounge and its "militant minority" echoes.

The SAS suspects, of course, that there are certain bathetic possibilities in the Gay Movement—possibilities which may well undercut the seriousness of their own efforts at Columbia. My own initial reaction to a gay lounge was laughter, conditioned by years of "Then I hit him with my pocketbook" jokes. There seem to be more profound consequences, however; the following statement from the SAS was reprinted by the *Columbia Spectator*:

> SAS resents the classification of itself and other Third-World groups into a make-believe grouping of oppressed minorities along with social misfits such as the local campus homosexual groups. SAS can find nothing whatever that serves to adjoin itself with this group of misplaced persons. SAS understands that homosexuals play an important part in the European culture and that they have a number of mentors among the founders of Western society to mold themselves after; yet it feels that in a time when black people are working to create a nation of men and women, they don't have time to wallow in the mud with people who cannot decide if they are men or women.

These brutal, indefensible remarks provoked nearly universal indignation. But blacks have not restricted their assault on GPC to position papers and rhetoric. There have been several minor incidents of harassment. Black gays, a noticeable percentage in GPC, have been particularly vulnerable to ostracism and abuse from their soul brothers. These shrill skirmishes appear to be indicative on a much wider level. They represent more than the friction between two minority groups competing in an open economy for the Establishment's hand-out dollar. The black-gay conflict on campus is symptomatic and monitory; it epitomizes the process of colloidal fragmentation visible in American society at large.

THERE WAS a different sort of lounge once. The analogy, I think, must be made. Fraternities are decrepit at Columbia; however, in an era when college populations were more homogeneous, they provided a specious particularity. They created artificial minorities out of a whole that shared very largely the same social and financial references. The operative word is "exclude." As a verb it has pejorative connotations, yet the adjective "exclusive" is strongly favorable. The blacks and gays considering themselves excluded from society have by uniting into societies, become "exclusive." The burden of both words depends on the object involved. Those who exclude are exclusive; those who have been excluded are demeaned. The fraternities were excluding: Read any John O'Hara novel and you will sense the very considerable power of Psi U or Phi Gam. But the exclusions and inclusions were arbitrary. The lounges, based on more or less real initiatory requirements (blackness, homosexuality), are a result of new and heterogeneous university populations. There are changes in emphasis as well: The fraternities were conclaves; the lounges are political fortresses. The fraternities were outside the university, but co-opted by it; the lounges exclude the university while poaching on its resources. The tendency is fundamentally human. The fraternities invented differences. The members of a lounge hope to make their differentness acceptable.

A modern conservative would probably be inclined to resist these trends. Whether they will lead to future integration is, I think, highly conjectural. They could just as well formalize an irreversible fragmentation. This latter result is both more likely and more dangerous in the relationship between individual fragments—e.g., the black-gay antagonism at Columbia. The larger whole of society tends through apathy and confidence to roll with the punches. Combinations of minority groups, even where their aims coincide, have been notoriously short-lived, often culminating in violent jealousies. The blacks joined exclusively become blacker; the gays yet gayer; the Puerto Ricans more clearly Puerto Rican. This seems to be the most distressing result of minority group consolidation.

Having granted the premise, however, Columbia's administration has shiftlessly painted itself into a corner. The black lounge was a fertile blunder; it will breed children that even a father could not love. As yet no one has called for gay studies programs or a dean of gay admissions, but that may well come. At least, lacking a convenient litmus test, the gays will not be able to discriminate in Furnald's basement. The black lounge is plainly and illegally segregated, as their recent forcible ejection of white conservative students has indicated. Of course everyone—nudists, Latvians, Latvian nudists—could plump for private facilities. They could, they probably will and I'd hate to be the one drawing lines. For other reasons Dean Hovde is leaving next year. The gay lounge (which has support from many other deans) will probably be recognized soon after that. As goes Columbia—by 1980 there will be a gay lounge in every college in the land.

And it might not be a bad thing. Blacks can associate in public quite comfortably. There is nothing done or said in the black lounge that could not be done or said equally well on College Walk at high noon (I give the benefit of doubt here). The black lounge is a political entity, plain and simple. The gay lounge exists primarily to provide activities and services that are quite desperately needed. By general consensus GPC has improved the historically poor morale of gays on campus. The good, the need are issues, I think, that cannot sensibly be argued. In fact, if the administration had to go into the dubious business of certifying minority groups, perhaps it should have started with the gays—and let the blacks and the Puerto Ricans and the Orientals make do with de facto premises. □

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Hong Kong and Red China

Letter from Asia **ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN**

FEW PEOPLE realize that besides Communist and Nationalist China there are other Chinas: Hong Kong with a population of almost four million, Singapore with over two million, and numerous large Chinese settlements throughout East Asia and smaller ones in other parts of the world —totaling between thirty and forty million in all.

My fifteenth visit to Hong Kong (in as many years) confirmed my impression that this British Crown Colony is unique. It consists, of course, of islands very close to the Mainland as well as some area on the Mainland itself. By the 1898 Convention of Peking more than 90 per cent of Hong Kong's area is supposed to be returned to China by the end of this century—1997, to be exact. But Communist China has raised no exceptional clamor about annexing this relic of successful colonialism. This restraint has created a euphoria among the average citizens, but does not soothe the anxieties of more detached observers who suspect that Peking is merely waiting for Hong Kong's industrialization to reach its peak.

Hong Kong's living standard has been improving even as thousands upon thousands of refugees have been incorporated, assimilated and employed. Exports and industrial production increased by one-quarter in 1968 and 1969 and by 17 per cent in 1970. Tourism has increased by one-fifth; hotels are being built literally day and night; unemployment has virtually disappeared. On the other hand, there is an agonizing dependence on the United States, which imports more than 40 per cent of Hong Kong's products.

Prices are rising too. In downtown Hong Kong, real estate prices are soaring and hotels have had to increase their rates. There is a certain amount of "social unrest." The authorities want to avoid excessive taxation in order not to frighten away investors and wealthy residents (15 per cent is the ceiling on income taxes).

There are Communists in Hong Kong—a minority, but not an inconsiderable one (25 per cent of organized labor is a safe guess). One of the strongest sources of Communist sympathy is Chinese nationalism. This nationalist sentiment has ancient roots in a feeling of racial superiority, exacerbated by wounded pride over China's small international role in modern times. Recent UN decisions and the United States China policy have also contributed to it. Red China is making an enormous propaganda effort to encourage this sentiment in Hong Kong. The number of well-to-do Chinese who contribute to Communist causes has always been impressive, though they are partly motivated by the hope of insuring survival in the event of a Communist takeover.

But annexed by China—any China, one is tempted to say—Hong Kong would become a ghost town.

HONG KONG is the headquarters for some of the most intelligent China-watchers, and the opportunity to get first-hand information here from inside Red China is considerable. Yet, to enter Red China and bring back sound information requires extraordinary preparation and a great amount of luck. Those who do not speak Chinese will ordinarily have an interpreter at their elbow, and the Chinese are generally far too cagey and careful to talk openly to a stranger. It is much wiser to listen carefully and methodically to the radio stations, to study the few published newspapers, and to quiz the arriving refugees.

The future of Communist China at the present moment is more uncertain than ever in spite of its recent success at the UN and the visit of President Nixon. The old China hands and the China-watchers in Hong Kong mostly smile about America's policy in Asia. They smile because these external triumphs coincide with a period of great inner crisis in China. The average Western newspaper reader in America and Europe hardly noticed the fall of General Lin Piao. And yet its significance is apparent insofar as China has been for some time a virtual military dictatorship, with more and more power passing into the hands of the army. In fact, the Cultural Revolution was largely engineered by the army.

The paralysis which gripped China in that period has by no means passed. The schools, after being suspended for years, are only slowly returning to life. Of universities serving a nation of 750 million people, only six are functioning again. The central government under Premier Chou En-lai continues in very peculiar form. Chairman Mao is still alive, but no "Chairman of the Republic" (head of state) has been appointed or elected and only a vice chairman is in office. (What happened to former Chairman Liu Shao-sh'i is not clear either.) The denunciations to which Lin Piao was exposed have been publicized in some provinces, but in others the text was edited. There can be no doubt that Lin Piao overplayed his hand, that his leadership in the army was not as well-grounded as he assumed. But the military factor has by no means been eliminated from party life and Lin Piao-ism is still strong in some provinces.

Probably the most significant development in Red China has been the increase of provincial power (more often under generals than under governors) and, with it, a broadening of the "cult of personality"—a development ominously reminiscent of the days before World War II when general fought against general.

Asked whether a *bellum omnium contra omnes* is imaginable in Red China, China experts differ. A consensus is practically impossible to achieve. Only when asked whether the Chinese masses would unite to fight a conventional war with the USSR, do they always answer unanimously in the affirmative, citing Chinese nationalist sentiment as the key unifying force. They also agree that the Chinese-Soviet rift is very real indeed.

Otherwise, China continues to be utterly enigmatic. As one observer remarked, "It is a question whether even Peking has a coherent, over-all view of the entire situation." "Almost anything can happen in China," says one China-watcher, "or nothing," says another. □

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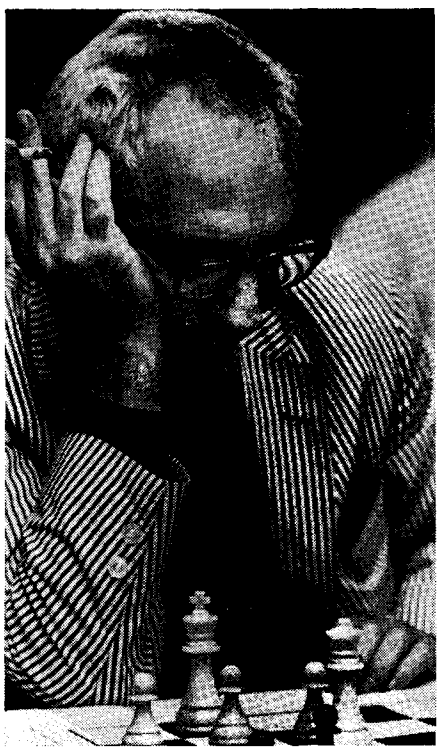
RIP

Frank S. Meyer

I called him from Peking (which I knew would give him a kick) and he told me that the cause of the pains that had begun seriously to hamper him in December was not yet diagnosed, that the culture sent out a few weeks earlier to discern whether he was suffering from tuberculosis had not yet matured, that meanwhile he had no appetite, but was getting on with his work as usual. "I never guessed I would sit here hoping I had tuberculosis," he said, and quickly got on to the subject of Nixon's mission in Peking, which he had been following closely, very closely, even as he had been observing the international chess tournament, his son Gene's progress as a freshman at Yale, his other son's preoccupation with his law paper, the awful behavior of the *New York Times*, the erratic habits of one of the book reviewers for NATIONAL REVIEW, the absolute inability of the young to spell even the *simplest* words, the developing congressional sentiment against the Family Assistance Plan, the meteorological low coming down from Canada which would bring yet more snow—and who should review Garry Wills' new book about modern Catholicism? By Frank Meyer's standards, it wasn't a long conversation, though I assured him that the telephone rates from Peking were quite modest thanks to the satellite we had situated high over the Pacific to accommodate the press, but I caught a quiver in his voice which when I spoke to him next, from Switzerland, had acquired amplitude, and then the day after returning to New York, on Monday, the news came in. Cancer. Inoperable. He would return from the hospital to his house on Wednesday, to die there, in a month or two (he believed); within two weeks (his wife Elsie confided to Brent Bozell). On Thursday morning he spoke over the telephone for the first time in ten days—there was not such a stillness since quiet came to the Western Front. He asked Priscilla if the book section was all right, and she told me, moistly, after he hung up, she doubted it would last for two weeks.

I arrived the afternoon of Good Friday, tense with the pain of knowing that never before had I visited with someone when the lifesaving dissimulations ("The doctor says you'll be fine in just a couple of weeks") were simply out of the question, but his instinctive consideration saved me. Otherwise he was wonderfully querulous, shouting at the top of what was left of his lungs for Elsie (*Elsie! Elllsie!!*) every two minutes, wanting this leg moved or that



pillow lowered or the oxygen cap refitted—mostly what he wanted was for her to sit there holding his hand, as she had done hour after hour day after day, since the plunge of March 11. But then he asked her to leave the room, and also his son, and the nurse, and he said to me did I know that "Gene" (The Very Reverend Monsignor Eugene V. Clark, young, learned, buoyant and devoted unofficial chaplain to New York conservatives, secretary to Cardinals Spellman and Cooke) had been there the afternoon before? Yes, I said. Well, said Frank, he wanted to join the Church, but he had declined yesterday to be baptized because he did not believe that the Church's position on suicide was convincing. Frank was not going to give up arguing merely to expedite death. I said Frank, do you mean it isn't convincing, or do you mean that you do not propose to observe the Church's prohibition? His mind wandered a bit, and he told me that "Gene" had said he would return on the next day, and I said that I was no scholar on the subject but that it was my impression that the self-knowledge that one will transgress in the future and even that one will seek to justify one's transgression, is not sacramentally disqualifying, and he nodded. Did I know, he asked, that his son John quite coincidentally was thinking of joining the Church? No I didn't, I said, recalling, years ago when I knew him only over the telephone, back when he was writing the book reviews for the *American Mercury*, his telling me that he believed, and that if only he could figure out a way of taking the collectivism out of the Church (the emphasis of Vatican II on collegiality set Frank back ten years), he would come into it, though there was the problem—"I'm a Jew," he said, "and it's always harder, especially if there's persecution going on. Maybe I'd better hurry up, because usually there's perse-

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cution but right this second [this was 1954] there isn't much that I can think of."

He was small, grey-white crew-cut hair, baggy clothes, smoke-stained teeth, that cigarette in hand, whisky voice, solemn mien, a pacer, an athletic gait, though I doubt that in his lifetime he exerted a muscle more vigorously than necessary to move a pawn on the chessboard. I thought, my arm on his bed, which he let his own arm fall upon when he took a second's doze, that now he didn't have the strength to do even that, lying on his bed in his study. Looking past his emaciated features I could see three volumes immediately behind him. *The History of Ancient Sicily. The History of Mediaeval Sicily. The History of Modern Sicily.* Three of the twenty thousand books that came to the little house on Ohayo Mountain during the last fifteen years which he didn't send out to review, didn't give away, which he "skimmed," storing something in his mind from them. Elsie called, and told me the nurse would give him now, for the first time, a shot of Demerol, that the doctors had delayed beginning it because he'd need a lot of it toward the end. *El*-sie!!—she went in with the nurse, and he submitted, they turned him over, and I left. The next day he was worse, much worse. That afternoon he saw Father Clark, and made the great submission, and a few hours later I was called to the telephone. It was his son, Gene. I told him the truth, that his father was a great man, and hung up.

PETER WITONSKI, who is a lecturer at the Kennedy Institute at Harvard, has attempted a very brief account of the political philosophy, familiar to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW who should turn to *In Defense of Freedom*, *The Moulding of Communists* and *The Conservative Mainstream* for a fuller account of it. James Burnham, a professional associate during the whole of the lifetime of this journal, discusses the special sense in which he was an anti-Communist. Guy Davenport, who worked as a book reviewer for so many years, tells us something of that experience. M. Stanton Evans knew him also from the Fifties, when Evans, at 27, was made editor of the *Indianapolis News*, and says something about him as the organization man who sat on all the committees, you name them, that sought to advance the tactical aims of American conservatives. Chris Simonds of NATIONAL REVIEW used to weekend there, as a young bachelor, and lately with his wife, Pat, also of *NR*. Garry Wills met him first in the late Fifties, while studying the classics, and leaves us an impression of a great teacher. Brent Bozell was his close friend, even after leaving NATIONAL REVIEW to launch *Triumph* Magazine—he was there on the Tuesday, and in conversation with him, tripped the wire that brought Monsignor Clark. We hear briefly from the critic Hugh Kenner, the philosopher Eliseo Vivas, from the Chairman of the Conservative Party of New York Daniel P. Mahoney, from Neal McCaffrey the publisher, from Jared Lobdell, reviewer and writer, and from Priscilla Buckley, managing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER

It is the conservative's duty, the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW declared in their prospectus, to stand athwart history, and cry Stop! More than any other contemporary conservative intellectual Frank S. Meyer (1909-1972) devoted much of his later career to doing just that. In his youth, like so many of the men and women who helped revive conservatism in the 1950s, he had been a Communist, and had come to understand the brutal implications of that leftist ideology. He contributed frequently to various Communist journals, including the American Party's theoretical organ, the *Communist*, and worked for many years as a Party functionary both in Britain and America. His study, *The Moulding of Communists*, remains one of the classic works on the Communist mentality. "The Communist," he noted, "is made not born . . . his will is hardened to the service of the Communist vision of history and the Party, its avatar. The whole of his life is Communism; he is held fast to the pole of Communist victory. And by victory he means domination of the world."

It was because he had been burned by Communism, he was to remark, that he came, as a conservative, to value freedom of the person so highly. I once asked him if there was any book or idea that had helped to shake his faith in Communism, and he replied that Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* caused the first crack in his ideological faith. It must have been a particularly wrenching experience for him, just as it must have taken great courage to become one of the leading anti-Communist writers in America. Ultimately he was to be received on his deathbed into the Catholic Church, an act that in a real sense marked his final rejection of everything he had once stood for.

IT WAS NOT the capricious whim of a dying man. He had considered this move for many years. At Oxford, he once told me, there was a period when he fell under the spell of Father Martin D'Arcy, but he had already gone too far down the Communist road at that time to turn back. Some of his critics, especially those who saw him as a kind of modern-day John Stuart Mill, will see his conversion as a contradiction. It was not a contradiction. Certainly Frank Meyer admired Mill, but he was highly critical of his utilitarianism and antireligious rationalism. For Frank Meyer, the acceptance of Christianity was the only natural way for him to punctuate his life.

Many of Frank Meyer's intellectual critics could never come to grips with his "fusionism"—his marrying of the two intellectual trends, libertarianism and traditionalism. Such a marriage, they argued, is not logical. What they really meant was that it was bad ideology. But what they didn't recognize was that Frank Meyer had long since ceased to be an ideologue. He recognized that American conservatism was not ideological in character, and it is this discovery of his that caused so much trouble among the ideologized intellectuals of our day. Since conservatism is not ideological, Meyer explained, the ideologue of the Left or the Right will have the greatest difficulty in coming to grips with it. It is far easier to come to grips with the well-defined categories of an ideological system, such as Marxism, than with a fluctuating variable tradition like conservatism. After all not all conservatives are interested in conserving the same things. Twentieth-century intellectuals, he understood—even conservative intellectuals—have increasingly become accustomed to thinking in terms of systems of thought instead of styles or traditions of thought; and so even writers who recognized the difficulty of explaining

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non-ideological American conservatism easily lapsed into ideological categorizing on their off days.

His important treatise *In Defense of Freedom* was initially criticized by the ideological purists. The super-traditionalists considered it to be Benthamite ranting; the radical libertarians considered it to be reactionary traditionalism. Nevertheless, as Frank Meyer knew, it was his most important book, and he was to defend its thesis again and again in his other writings. It is odd that the fusionist thesis which seemed so eccentric when he first articulated it, should today be accepted by virtually every major conservative theorist and politician. Frank Meyer had simply analyzed the state of American conservatism, which for unique historical reasons had both libertarian and traditionalist strains.

FRANK MEYER correctly saw the things that made American conservatives so radically different from European conservatives. To begin with, American conservatives, even the most traditionalist, have never had any truck with monarchy. Liberty, both political and economic, is paramount to American conservatism. The defense of private property, and, later, the spirit of capitalism, have always played a central role in the thinking of American conservatives. There are many explanations for this: the libertarian social myths fostered by the Founding Fathers; our Lockean heritage; the frontier experience; the Protestant ethic. Whatever the case, American conservatism, from the earliest days of our Republic, has been imbued with a great love of liberty (sans equality and fraternity). But for Frank Meyer, the traditional aspect of our history, which was more difficult to evaluate because its appeal was less obvious, was just as important as the libertarian side. In many ways he was more of a traditionalist than he was a libertarian. What he admired was the tradition of American libertarianism.

When he wasn't writing those splendidly profound theoretical essays, he was one of the best debaters on the conservative side. Perhaps the one thing he had retained from his Communist days was a political tautness in the clinches. He was, perhaps, more concerned about principle than almost any other leading conservative, but much of his writing dealt with the nitty-gritty of everyday politics. He had championed Goldwater and Reagan and other conservative politicians, and had blasted the liberal Establishment with thunder. His book, *The Conservative Mainstream*, a collection of his writings for *NR* and others, contains many examples of his style in this area, and at times he would, as only he could, stand athwart history and cry Stop! At other times he might blast some cultural aberration like rock music or the drug culture. On other occasions he could write about defense or about weaponry or the state of the economy with the expertness of a specialist.

Now that his voice is stilled, it is fair to ask, what was his importance for the conservative movement? The answer is simple. He was our greatest teacher. He was the first conservative theorist thoroughly to comprehend the uniqueness of American conservatism, and to explain this uniqueness to the conservative rank and file. Whenever conservatives might stray from the course of common sense, it was always Frank Meyer, standing athwart history, who called us back to our senses. Socrates said that virtue can be taught, but, he added, there are no teachers of virtue. In Frank Meyer, the conservative movement found a teacher of virtue. He is gone, but we shall continue to hear his voice.

PETER P. WITONSKI

AT HOME

Frank was preceded by an enormous reputation: works all night and sleeps all day, hasn't seen the sun since 1946, spends hours on the telephone, knows the number of everybody to the right of Clinton Rossiter; terribly difficult man, eats comma-changing copy editors raw for breakfast and heretics of the Right broiled alive for lunch; sallies forth once every eon or two from his Catskill hermitage to thunder liberalism to smithereens from the lecture platform, then drink and talk all night with the faithful. A demon, one thought, or a demiurge; a scourge out of the Middle Ages. Did he really believe, one goggled, back when one was beginning to inch slowly rightward, that Abraham Lincoln was "un-American"? Had he seriously suggested, as one's political science instructor vowed with a snicker, that traffic lights be abolished? And did he indeed sit down to breakfast as the birds were going to bed? It was mostly true, one learned—but, like the blind men's description of the elephant, only to a point.

Because then one met him, face-to-face after a lecture or YAF meeting, or over the telephone ("So-and-so has given me your name as a possible book reviewer. Would you be interested in doing a brief review of such-and-such?"), and found oneself engulfed in —charm, Frank's own brand of it, simple and forthright, springing from a lively interest in other people—other people one or a few at a time, not Humanity; Frank had been that route and come back again. Soon there came the ritual exchange of telephone numbers and sleeping hours: "I am usually up by five in the afternoon; what time do you get to bed? I see. Can I reach you early in the morning? What time do you get up? And how do I reach you at work?" The most reproachful words Frank ever uttered were: "I have been phoning you for days—where have you been?" It was exciting to have one's own little card somewhere in that vast information-retrieval system. Later it was a comfort, when kept awake by invasions of Czechoslovakia, prose that wouldn't jell or even mere indigestion, to be able to dial 914-123-2488 at two or three or four in the morning and have a talk. (And did anyone else have the inspiration: "Frank, I've been up working all night and I'll never hear the alarm. Would you mind giving me a ring at six-thirty?" Done, to the minute.)

THE LEGENDS about Frank and the telephone, then, were true: He did know where to reach anyone, and he did talk with everyone. One of his most singular achievements was putting the Bell System, that nuisance and distraction, to creative use. Had he cared to, he might have squared the circle by means of a carefully arranged sequence of telephone calls. A call from Frank usually began with him saying, "Three things:" and ended much later with seventeen or twenty-nine things thoroughly covered, down to the state of one's health.

Sooner or later one was invited to Woodstock. The way to Frank's wound through the little town, along and then across Tannery Brook, and up Ohayo Mountain to a trim white house tucked among old trees. Frank came to the door in uniform—turtleneck, baggy

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grey pants held up by bright red suspenders with "POLICE" on the clips—ushered one in, made a drink. Elsie appeared, a small woman, one was tempted to think "frail" until the firm handshake. Frank had some calls to make; Elsie made one welcome in the kitchen. Wonderful: an old easy-chair in the kitchen! She introduced the cats and, if it was summertime and after dark, the raccoons who came every night to the back porch to be fed, and bustled and talked; after awhile Frank appeared and Meyers and guests moved to the living room.

HUNDREDS of people must remember that comfortable old coat of a room, the cobblestone fireplace faced by the couch and flanked by the two chairs, Frank's and the one that after five minutes was one's own forever (coming again, a month or a year later, one sank back down and the conversation resumed), the books from floor to ceiling on every wall—the house was insulated not with rock wool or Fiberglas but with the wisdom of the West. That first night one rediscovered the pleasure of sheer, undistracted conversation. About everything—politics, baseball, philosophy, aerial dogfights in the world of professional chess, being Communists together ("Frank was terrible—he was always telling me I was subjective." "Well you *were*, dammit!"), Tolkien, Henty, gardening (Elsie's was beautiful, even viewed by flashlight), and always civilization and the barbarians.

Elsie and Frank were fine together, truly fine. Not only had they been married for years, they had worked side by side for years. (The work-all-night-sleep-all-day routine had developed in the Communist days, when one had to carry a full load of Party work plus a front job, and afterward, out in the cold, when there was danger.) Sometimes they bickered: "No, baby, it was forty-*three*, and you were going to *Georgia*." Always they laughed: to see and hear those two laugh together was to eavesdrop on Olympus.

Toward eleven, dinner was served, with the shortest grace in the world: "Benedictus benedicat. Amen." The conversation rolled on through good beef, salad prepared by Frank in a special ritual, wondrous runny *brie*; back to the fireplace and on into the night on a tide of Scotch (or, if one was driving home in the morning, pots and pots of strong tea), punctuated by telephone calls from faithful and heretics, by news bulletins from Gene upstairs, and, for the athletic, an hour or two of bridge or chess (how could anyone sit silent with Frank over a chessboard?). Frank taught, Socratically; he learned ("What *is* it about rock music?"); he said perfectly outrageous things ("Of course, the decline of the West was *planned*. [Pause.] I don't mean that in a *Birch* sense."). Always, civilization and barbarians. The home of the one-time captain of the barbarians was a little model of civilization; the tradition was alive there, always under examination those long nights, never once and for all defined, chloroformed and pinned to a card. Did he feel, with Chambers, that he had gone from the winning to the losing side? One had never thought to ask.

Breakfast at, yes, six, and then one climbed up to the little bedroom under the eaves. Or, if one could sufficiently reassure Elsie, out into the chill of morning, down out of the mountains and across the Hudson. There was no danger of falling asleep at the wheel, so full of tea and ideas. One summer morning there was fog all across the lowlands; halfway up one of the foothills of the Berkshires it fell away and the sun blazed out. One imagined it discovering the house in the trees with Frank, sleeping awhile, safe inside.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE EDITOR

We all live at the wrong time and in the wrong place. Hamlet and Don Quixote came into the world together, symbols of a new kind of man: a man who would have to live in uncertainty and doubt, a man who no longer had a tradition but a history of traditions from which he could choose one for his own and then live as best he could among men who had chosen others. Frank Meyer always seemed to me to be a man from an age in which ideas were passionately debated, the age of Diderot, of John Stuart Mill, of Lenin. As it was, he lived in an age that uses prejudices for ideas and has no sense of its own or any other past.

Worse still, Frank was a man of reason in a world where the sleep of reason has bred monsters. Trained as a critic of ideas, he lived in their realm, savoring distinctions, and exercising the strictest scrutiny of ideas and their implications. He should have been an historian of ideas, and certainly another age would have provided him with the suitable study in some university fastness. As it was, he was reluctant to be merely a scholar, and plunged first into revolution and then into counterrevolution. For so sedentary a man, he had his relish of the fray and of life in the full. The lecture and debate became his battlefields, and the columns of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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"Who would have thought," he once said at my house, "that we would become journalists?" We had been talking about Oxford (he was at Balliol), and we were both, I think, looking back wistfully at the green idealism of our college days. Frank had just spoken ("Was I too shrill?") in Philadelphia, and we had settled in to one of those all-night conversations which he considered perfectly normal. He was an old-fashioned arguer, leaping on any difference of opinion as an opportunity to broaden the discussion. A different idea was an adventure. I can remember arguments that lasted over the years: comparisons of Spengler and Toynbee, of Lord Randolph and Sir Winston Churchill, of Victorian and modern poetry. There was the great debate over the phone as to whether Vladimir Nabokov's father was or was not a member of Kerensky's cabinet. He was suspicious of the arts after certain dates, and I would thus find myself defending the craftsmanship of Picasso, William Carlos Williams and Charles Ives. Whether there has been a civilization in Africa other than the Egyptian was another subject calculated to enrich the coffers of Bell Telephone.

Lord, how I shall miss those conversations!

Frank Meyer invited me to review fiction for NATIONAL REVIEW twelve years ago. I had never reviewed anything for anybody, and set out with some trepidation. Unfortunately, I was inexperienced enough not to realize what a prince of an editor was on the other end of the line. As I branched out into other journals and ran up against other editors—editors who cheerfully slashed my copy without so much as a by-your-leave, editors who wanted reviews rewritten to achieve something they called a different slant, editors who spoke over the phone in depraved English—I developed a hearty appreciation of Frank Meyer. "Why do you write for NATIONAL REVIEW?" is a question I have come to live with. "Because," I always reply, "the editors are gentlemen."

We MET, Frank and I, all too seldom, at conventions, on lecture tours. Our friendship was a matter of the telephone. I do not like that instrument, and dread conversations on it. Yet with Frank I accepted it as our normal mode. Any conversation with Frank would start out with the business at hand, the books we had to agree to review. But an author's name, the subject of a book, anything at all, would plunge us into a conversation—or argument—of grand proportions.

Over the years I learned to recognize Frank's telephone calls by the lucklessness of their timing. The Fates were amused to have him call just as I was putting the first forkful of dinner into my mouth. This comedy had variations. When it fell my lot to cook dinner, Frank invariably called when my culinary efforts were in greatest peril. These hungry conversations became a ritual which I shall sorely miss.

Frank took delight in suggesting unlikely combinations of novels to review, hinting that such violent contrasts would open the reviewer's eyes to things he had never suspected. He seemed to have two categories for fiction: *trash* and *good*. And yet I don't think he liked fiction, not modern fiction at any rate. And modern poetry was so much bosh. He knew the reputations of everybody, and even a great deal of what modern fiction was up to, mainly from "dipping into" books. Frequently he seemed to have a better grasp of a novel by dipping into it than I had from reading it.

The happy truism that NATIONAL REVIEW "has the best book section of any magazine in the country" was the result of Frank's matching the right book with the right man—the opposite process of the *New York Review of Books*' nasty propensity for asking the wrongest possible man to review a book. It was never sass but sense that Frank wanted; he had no flare for the sensational. I could count on Frank to remove the bawdy phrase from my reviews ("We are not exactly a family magazine, but . . . ") as surely as I can count on the *Times* to remove any show of erudition.

The range of Frank's attention was fascinatingly wide. He was, after all, a teacher, educating his two sons at home (I always wondered about the truant officer and his adventures with the Meyers). How much Cicero, Frank would call to ask, should a fifteen-year-old have read? What is the best book on Anatolian archaeology? At what point did the Roman Empire begin to decline?

The measure of my admiration for Frank Meyer may be in the fact that I am an ungracious executor of orders, given to fretting under authority. And yet I worked easily for Frank, conceiving over the years a great respect for his mind, his independence, his honest bluntness. Our minds were miles apart; I think he must have thought of me as incurably frivolous and chuckleheaded, as I had my moments of considering him an opinionated curmudgeon. But it was this flintiness of his mind that made me love the man. He was earnest, and there was no fork in his tongue. He made up his mind on any issue, and dug in his defenses.

A friend is genuinely interested in one's hopes and problems. And Frank was. Whether it was the financing of buying a house, or the new kittens, my courses or my health, he was all ears and advice. I hope he carried on his business with all his reviewers as congenially and as humanly as he did with me. He was (as I once pleased him by saying) like one of the characters in his favorite work of fiction, Tolkien's Gandalf, a wizard who preferred to manipulate things from behind the scenes, and whose concern was for the survival of all good things.

We have lost with Frank one of the few really astute and intelligent editors in the history of American journalism, as we have lost a philosopher and watchman of our liberties. I have lost a teacher and a friend. GUY DAVENPORT

THE ANTI-COMMUNIST

Frank was an anti-Communist. There are lots of anti-Communists, you say, so why make a point about Frank's having been one? True, there are many anti-Communists, no doubt including most Americans as they would classify themselves if called on. But Frank was a special kind of anti-Communist. The anti-Communists of his kind are few in numbers, and, although some of them have, like Frank, become publicly known, are mostly unremarked. They are recognized by each other, however, and when two of them meet even for the first time they are instantly on terms of intellectual and moral intimacy; there is no clash of axioms to interfere with communication.

Frank was an anti-Communist who had been a Communist. Not a radical or leftist or sympathizer or fellow traveler or pro-Communist; not a worker who joins the Party because he has been led to believe it is fighting to improve

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the lot of the working class or an intellectual who goes slumming in the revolution for awhile, rather as his Victorian forebears sowed their oats in the red-light district; not a rank-and-file Party member or a routine functionary. Frank was a Communist of "the cadre." What it means to be that sort of Communist you may learn analytically from Frank's remarkable study *The Moulding of Communists* and begin to grasp subjectively from a small shelf of books like Manès Sperber's *The Burned Bramble*, Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*, Victor Serge's *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* and Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*.

Frank was a cadre Communist who broke with Communism, which does not happen so very often, and often is not permitted to happen. He did not, however, break merely, and try to thrust his Communist experience into a closed past, as many do or try to do when they finally reach the end of the Party road. This book, he explained in 1960 in the first paragraph of *The Moulding of Communists*, "reflects fourteen years of active leadership, theoretical and practical, in the Communist movement, followed by fifteen years of reorientation and deep consideration of this modern tyranny over the human mind and spirit," which deep consideration was to continue for another twelve years into Frank's last hours.

Through Frank's writing, his talk, and that unique electronic communication system of his, we have shared in some of the fruits of these years. There can be no short summary of Frank's conclusions, but there are two that came to infuse nearly everything he wrote. First, that any idea of an ultimate convergence between Western civilization and Communism, of a true and permanent détente, is an illusion. "The West faces a crisis greater and more demanding than any in its history. . . . Against this vision, the devotion, the determination of Communist man, there is no recourse in compromise, reasonableness, peaceful coexistence. Only a greater determination can avail, for Communist man poses two stark alternatives for us: victory or defeat." Second, that in this unavoidable and protracted conflict, faith in freedom, in the freedom of each individual human being, is our indispensable armor. These are not popular beliefs in the ping-pong era. But Frank was never one to confuse truth with popularity.

JAMES BURNHAM

MEYER, Frank Straus, author, editor; b. Newark, May 9, 1909; s. Jack F. and Helene (Straus) M.; student Princeton, 1926-28; B.A., Balliol Coll., Oxford (Eng.) U., 1932, M.A., 1954; student London (Eng.) Sch. Econs., 1932-34, U. Chgo., 1934-38; m. Elsie Bown, Oct. 11, 1940; children—John Cornford, Eugene Bown. Mem. staff National Rev., 1955—, sr. editor, 1957—; editorial adviser Modern Age, 1960—; cons. Lilly Endowment, Inc., 1962-66. Mem. nat. adv. com. Young Americans for Freedom, 1961—; mem. exec. com., chmn. com. internat. affairs Conservative Party N.Y. State, 1962—, vice chairman, 1968—; member board directors Am. Conservative Union, 1965—, also treas., 1965-66; dir. U.S. Chess Fedn. Bd. dirs. Am. Afro-Asian Edni. Exchange Grantee Fund for Republic, 1957, William Volker Fund, 1954; grantee Relm Found., 1965. Served with AUS, 1942-43. Mem. Philadelphia Soc. (1st v.p. 1964-67), Am. Polit. Sci. Assn., Am. Legion. Clubs: Princeton (N.Y.C.); Nat. Press (Washington); Athenaeum (Boston). Author: The Moulding of Communists, 1961; In Defense of Freedom, 1962; (with others) What is Conservatism?, 1964. Editor: The African Nettle, 1965; The Conservative Mainstream, 1969. Home: Olwyo Mountain Rd., Woodstock, N.Y. Office: 150 E. 35th St., N.Y.C. 10016.

THE COMMITTEE MAN

By the common acknowledgement of his peers, Frank Meyer was the most versatile intelligence yet to emerge from the American conservative movement.

In matters of philosophic debate, it could be said of Frank as Johnson said of Burke: He was the first man everywhere. Whether the issue was cold war policy, market economics, internal security or the religious ground of liberty, Frank was prompt with analysis and passionate in response. He had thought the issues through and knew exactly where he stood. Above all, he had thought through the integral relation between the halves of modern conservative discourse—the traditionalist-religious base required for social freedom, the libertarian ambiance required for a true philosophy of virtue.

It is for his long campaign to point the connection between these supposedly divided schools that Frank will best be remembered—and properly so. He was the original "libertarian conservative," and if anyone struggled to put the conservative movement in America on a comprehensive footing, Frank was that man. There are those who believe he sought to "fuse" together opposites, but his own conception of his labors was otherwise. What was required, he said, was to discern a unity that was there of its own account, but which modern confusions had succeeded in obscuring.

I for one believe Frank's philosophic enterprise was a dazzling success, and that in the perspective of time we shall rank his libertarian-conservative writing among the principal achievements, not only of modern conservatism, but of political thought in general. His mind had a synthesizing force that perceived congruence and connection where others saw only disagreement. That faculty, I think, was the key to all that Frank accomplished, not only as author and editor, but as an animating power within the conservative movement. For Frank was no closet philosopher, but a believer in political action and a student of the political process. And here, as in the books and essays, he brought to his duties a bias toward inclusion that made him the exemplary organization man.

Frank's institutional commitments were seemingly endless. His services to NATIONAL REVIEW are of course well-known, and he was a founding father and official of New York's Conservative Party. His double stress on freedom and virtue set the metaphysical keynote of the Young Americans for Freedom. He was in constant demand as a lecturer before the Intercollegiate Studies Institute and the Philadelphia Society, in part because his views reflected the goals of these groups and in part because he spoke with authority on such a considerable range of subjects. In the American Conservative Union, of which he was also a founder, he was the driving force that kept that organization in the paths of philosophic constancy.

It is sometimes said of Frank that he was the "house metaphysician"—the implication being that his concerns were somewhat rarefied and impractical. Nothing could be further from the truth. Frank was in fact the most practical of men—quick to execute his organizational duties, a prod to others who were laggard in performance, a tireless promoter of conservative agitprop. As a book reviewer who felt the editorial lash and his co-worker at ACU, I can testify that Frank understood the practical side of things but too well, and that in his intellectual labors he was always in contact with the substance of everyday reality.

Such housekeeping details, however, do not convey the true practicality of Frank's intelligence or suggest the service he so unfailingly rendered to the conservative movement. His most invaluable contribution, whether in a speech to the Philadelphia Society or at a board meeting of ACU, was to suf-

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fuse discussion of political issues with an awareness of first principles—which is metaphysics indeed, but which is also the stuff of successful politics. Frank's genius was to get past the ephemera and the popular distractions to the substance of the matter—which was and is the question of whether a particular *démarche* would serve or disserve the long-term interests of the cause.

Frank understood that politics is moved, in the last analysis, by the power of ideas, and that only by the continual infusion of our ideas, on our terms, without imprisonment in the rhetoric of the opposition, could we hope to move the inertial bulk of American party politics by slow degrees to the right of center. And he understood as well that to abandon our principles or to immerse them in the fogs of "pragmatism" was to lose not only philosophic grace but the hope of practical victory as well, because we would have forgotten along the way just what it was our victory was supposed to look like. Throughout his many battles, Frank never forgot. And because he lived and wrote and acted as he did, he made it less likely that any of us shall. M. STANTON EVANS

THE TEACHER

One encounters few real teachers in one's lifetime—and most of those do not do their teaching in a classroom. To meet one of my own favorite teachers, I had to go, fifteen years ago, to a lonely mountaintop—which fits almost ridiculously the picture of youth questing for a guru.

But the man on that breathtaking Catskill peak was no Eastern ascetic—*boy* was he *not*. Whatever that term may convey, on whatever level, he was its antithesis. He sat on top of that mountain like its very active volcano-opening, spouting opinion, debate, reminiscence, and unfinished projects.

An extraordinary number of people wound their way up to that remote home above Woodstock, New York (the place after which the rock festival was wrongly named). Some wanted accounts of the radical Thirties, when the inhabitant, Frank Meyer, was a Communist organizer at Oxford and the University of Chicago, a friend of New York bohemians, artists and ideologues. More people, however, sought him out as a speaker, writer and editor who had a great effect on the resurgence of NATIONAL REVIEW-style politics in the Fifties. Though Frank wrote widely, he made his real impact as a person, remote yet gregarious, irascible yet affectionate, opinionated yet infinitely likeable. He always wanted people around him, wine and talk flowing, incessant sharp arguments that never ruptured friendship. He was a champion of right-wing orthodoxy whose friendships were heretically all-inclusive. Some of my warmest memories are of trying to out-ham him, shouting Shakespeare's lines back and forth through play after play, as I became a king in his kingly company.

WHEN young right-wing activities flagged, during the Fifties, people agreed it was because Frank had not come—he was younger than students, staying up later, drinking more, shouting louder, giving "lively debate" (that polite dead term) its rare real sense—debate that does not kill and divide, but unites even in difference, and throws off sparks of light instead of conflagration. He had a whole constellation of the disappearing virtues—those of friendly hard argument, odd tolerant prejudice, and the non-harmful egotism that excites others not merely oneself, a genuine "ambition" for the careers of all kinds of people.

That is why I call him a teacher. The teacher's work does not stand alone, but is subsumed (often untraceably) into his pupils. Frank wrote two books of his own; but his greater gift was for stimulating, inspiring, encouraging and helping others. My own first book was written on a small grant he obtained for me; and I am but one of many he sought out, and helped, and argued with, and never forgot.

There is no way of measuring that kind of intense, if indirect influence—but I'll let you in on a kind of open secret of the literary world. Some of the energy now showing itself in the liberal *New York Times* book review section is derived from the back section of the "conservative" NATIONAL REVIEW. Frank edited that section, for a decade and a half, with a strikingly unideological interest in young writers for their own sake. He filled the "reactionary" magazine with bright young voices, like those of the novelists Robert Phelps, Joan Didion and D. Keith Mano. John Leonard, the new young editor of the *Times* review, is himself a NATIONAL REVIEW alumnus, and any one issue of his journal is liable to contain—as Frank's pages did

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—the literate judgments of Guy Davenport, Hugh Kenner, Theodore Sturgeon, Arlene Croce or Francis Russell. And Frank knew the review-page advantages of an Anglophile long before the *New York Review of Books* was born.

Though we all live inevitably toward our death, Frank had also moved very consciously all his life toward a faith that would account for man's weird vitality of spirit to challenge that death. In one brief half-a-day last week, those two journeys converged for him. Lucid in the afternoon, as he prayed aloud through cancer-ravaged lungs, he was baptized—and then the tensest of vibrant men relaxed. Six hours later he was dead; and three hours after, it was Easter.

GARRY WILLS

THE TRUTH-SEEKER

Fortes quaesierunt animam meam. He was not a philosopher or a polemicist or political general, but an historian; and his life was a battleground, firmly situated in history, on which the mighty fought over his home. Ronald Knox and Martin D'Arcy, at Oxford forty years ago, could not know they were helping to fix the lines of battle for a young American Jew whose consuming passion was to make history. In fact, he chose against them and the Lord they witnessed. He chose Marx and enlisted in the service of a history which is its own witness and its own lord. He served this lord fiercely for more than a decade, then slowly turned away haunted and overwhelmed by the fact of freedom. He went to the desert, a physical desert of sorts, but above all a spiritual desert in which human freedom was unsupportedly naked as long as human history was empty of something beyond itself.

When he returned to the public light in the early Fifties, he had seen God in history. He believed, he began to confide to friends, in the Incarnation, and he had returned, he began to tell the world, in order to proclaim and champion the works of this historical God: the noble civilization He had illumined in the West and free man, the noble creature He had moved to fashion it. He was not welcomed by a world that had grown hostile to these works, for out of them principles flowed, and also heresies; and for twenty years no voice in the West so nobly insisted on the differences between the two.

But he would not, for all of that, call himself a Christian. His head said that a God had entered history, was still in history; but his heart said that while a past can be affirmed, a present —and a future—can only be chosen. He confessed Christ as reality; but he also confessed the Devil as reality, and he knew that the whole glory of the freedom he cherished was that the war between heaven and hell was to be decided in his own soul. He was judged by some as too proud, too headstrong, to bend the knee. In fact, he was too humble before the consequences of choice, too heartstrong before its grandeur, to bow the knee falsely. He knew the song of John of the Cross, but could not yet sing it as his own: "Seeking my love, I will go o'er yonder mountain and banks; and will neither pluck the flowers nor spear the wild beasts; I will pass by the mighty and cross the frontiers." As long as the mighty still held the passes, he could not break out of history, and so he could not confect the explanation of history which was his greatest work of love. He had not heard it first-hand from the chosen Lord.

This was the great anxiety of his last years, and it was released in the end by a torrent of grace. This gentle man of tension, for whom history, and whose history, had been a fury of tension between God and man now relaxed. "I am a Catholic," he said to his wife, simply, triumphantly. The frontiers had melted away.

L. BRENT BOZELL

IN BRIEF

When Frank signed on with the Right about two decades ago, he found a decentralized conglomerate of Taft Republicans, Southern Democrats, fundamentalist Protestants, anti-Communist Catholics, free enterprisers, disaffected Marxists, and even a sprinkling of literary romantics. It was messy, and Frank decided it needed tidying up. So he sorted everything out, and it became the conservative movement. Though his construction may never achieve political power, it remains a tour de force. We are left without our mentor and gadfly and friend. Still, I think Frank will be even more helpful to us in the years ahead, now that he's Home.

NEIL MCCAFFREY

I first encountered Frank Meyer in a virtuoso series of book reviews, which displayed both a mind of tremendous power and a range of knowledge beyond the aspiration of ordinary mortals. As I came to know him over the years, my respect for his unique intellectual contribution to the conservative movement grew and deepened. I also came to know Frank's tremendous commitment to—his passion for—the transcendent ideals that have shaped our civilization. Frank was always ready to lend his prodigious talents and energy to the activist tasks of the conservative movement. His was truly, in the very finest sense of the word, the role of the militant in our cause. All of us in the Conservative Party of New York State, which he served so diligently from its conception, will miss his counsel and leadership.

J. DANIEL MAHONEY

Years ago, Bob Schuchman, first chairman of YAF, told me that one of the greatest pleasures in his life was a visit to the Meyers, and some time later I found that what was true for him was true for me, and I regretted his death the more because I could not share the pleasure with him. From time to time, in the years since, when Frank—phone conversation temporarily over—has reappeared from the study to mix the Scotch-and-sodas, I have proposed a toast to Bob, before we adjourned to the living room, and John and Gene (if they were home) clambered sleepily down the narrow book-lined staircase, for another installment in the everlasting argument on Abraham Lincoln (Frank for the prosecution), interspersed with the State of the Union (dreadful), the State of Conservatism (shaky), and the State of the Party of the Right at Yale (usually, but not always, dreadfully shaky). Now, in other places, other rooms, I'll be proposing that same toast to Frank.

JARED LOBDELL

Now we can tell you what you have meant to us, without embarrassing you. Shortly after you returned from the Army you told me that you had left your comrades and I asked you why. You replied that in the Army you had had time to grasp the true value of the world you had till then been trying

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UNA VOLTE, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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to destroy and from now on you would try to save. You did more than try; you repaid with very high interest for the damage you had done. To your courage you added a superb intelligence, broad and deep learning, a philosophical (not a technical philosopher's) head, a sense of social reality you did not display when you were with them. You saw the present and the future under the form of the past and history under the form of eternity. You were principled but not stubborn; and under your capacity for fun only a stone would have missed your radical seriousness and utter devotion to our cause. We'll carry on, remembering that your passion for the things you loved taught us to love them better.

ELISEO VIVAS

It's the night before the funeral and some of us *NR* types and some of those who have arrived in New York for it are having dinner together. Most we know. Some we don't. And because it is Frank Meyer who brought us together I ask the young man on my left how long he has known Frank, how well, and how did he meet him in the first place. Not long, he answers, very well, he says and—sadly—that he never did get to meet him. But the way he got to know him was this. He had noticed that a friend was writing an occasional brief book review for NATIONAL REVIEW. If that particular friend was good enough to write for *NR*, said Young Man, certainly I was. So he wrote Frank a note, suggesting a review. A few nights later, a phone call. Two, three minutes on the question of the review—and suddenly they were discussing Ruskin. Why Ruskin, he couldn't for the life of him remember. But he got the assignment and he and Frank talked "regularly" after that—and became friends. And so he had flown from Washington to New York, would spend the night in a hotel, drive 120 miles to Woodstock in the morning, attend the Mass, listen to Taps, watch Elsie accept the flag along with the other mourners, among them Sen. Buckley and Representative John Ashbrook. This young man was no problem to Frank: he could write and think. But over the years, from his book-lined study in Woodstock, Frank had talked to hundreds of others by phone, some with talent, some without, some mezzo-mezzo. And managed—whether or not he used their copy, agreed to their suggestions, accepted their political theories—not to hurt their feelings, never to put them down. To many he became a friend and adviser—a tangible part of their life—a telephone pal they could reach at any time (but never of course before four P.M.). He was omni-available, never too busy to talk. Sooner or later everyone who came into contact with him discovered that this intellectually tough and incorruptible scourge of the Left was, in personal matters, a pushover, and fun: fun to talk to, to laugh with, to tease.

And so the young man on my left and others from cities all over the land had come to go to Woodstock, to form their own honor guard around the flag-draped coffin, in dark suits, shirts and ties, on a cold spring day. There were dozens of them. And this was what made it a funeral such as I had never seen. Funerals are for old people. The young—when possible—find excuses not to go. But Frank's funeral was a young people's funeral. You couldn't have kept them away.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

One way to tease Frank Meyer was to put his zip code on the envelope and hope he'd notice. He disapproved of zip codes, though telephone numbers were passable, perhaps because they weren't assigned in Washington. Late at night in Woodstock, amid that midden of magazines that were always just going to be put in order, he would moralize with genial passion, sorting the phenomena of living into two piles, those symptomatic of our social damnation, those not yet contaminated. Oscar Wilde said that his brother could compromise a locomotive, and I think Frank could have ideologized the Big Dipper.

So his book review section was in constant tension between his generosity and his vigilance. Generosity had the best of it, usually. That was why it was comfortable to review for *NR*. He trusted his reviewers, and passed for publication all manner of statements his principles urged him to worry at like a pup. Being the most deductive of libertarians, he deduced the need to give writers liberty, though what they did with it was in frequent collision with all his other deductions. His was a nineteenth-century virtue, once called Liberalism before the liberals made off with that word, and he'd probably like it if I called him a Victorian sage. Many doughty debaters have awaited his coming in heaven. The next time you see sheet lightning, you can fancy it's Frank Meyer taking on Carlyle.

HUGH KENNER

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Arts & Manners

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

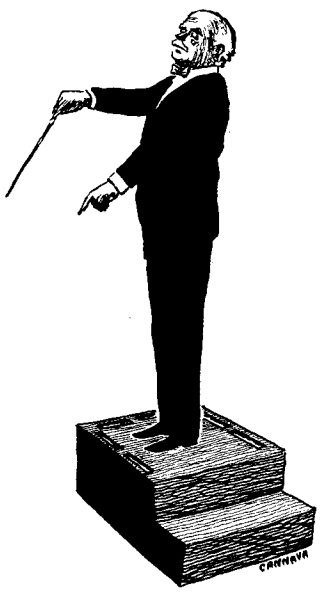
Cabaret and Elsewhere

The tube saturates us these days with Tudormania (*Henry VIII, Elizabeth R*) and threatens a Stuart revival to rival in length the reigns of those unfortunates. Meanwhile, film continues to lavish attention on *its* decade, the 1930s, specifically on various faces of fascism. 1972 gets off to a splendid beginning with *Cabaret*, a tale of romance, late Weimar decadence and emergent Nazism set in 1931.

BASED ON Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, and also on assorted incarnations of those sketches over the years, *Cabaret* is superb drama enriched by music, *not* a "musical" padded with the usual tacked-on, hoked-up plot. While its story centers on an American showbiz-obsessed girl, her affair with a Cambridge graduate student, and their joint friendship with a wealthy German aristocrat, *Cabaret*'s theme is the gradual obliteration of freedom in Germany as the National Socialists rise from hooliganism to apparent idealism to—in the years after that covered by the film—supreme power. The device employed to relate story and theme is the cabaret, the Kit Kat Klub, where Sally Bowles and company perform their nightly commentaries on the real world.

Liza Minnelli as Sally and Joel Grey as the MC are magnificent, singing, mugging, *moving* with chilling power across the cabaret stage. Miss Minnelli, quite simply, is stunning. Michael York and Helmut Griem, one the shy, dour, uncertain intellectual Brian, the other a charmingly prodigal manifestation of old Germany, Max, are alike attracted and attractive to Sally and compel great affection from the audience. A subplot concerning a German social-climber who finds himself fallen in love with a rich Jewess, provides the context in which director Bob Fosse places examples of the Nazis' rise. The central scene exploring this matter, however, occurs in a *Biergarten* one sunny afternoon.

The camera focuses on a handsome blond youth's Ipana-perfect teeth, as the boy begins to sing "Tomorrow Belongs to Me." Young and old, the faces in beer garden reflect interest, then enthusiasm. The camera slowly widens its angle, taking in the boy's head, shoulders, then finally his chest, revealing the swastika armband. Slowly the people rise and join in singing, other swastika armbands coming into view. As the stirring song continues, deepening in volume while the fervor of the beautiful Aryan youth's *Lied* infects the whole audience, Brian and Max leave in Max's limousine. Brian asks: "And you still think you can resist these people?"



Cabaret never oversteps drama into bathos, never bludgeons its point, never obscures the simple love story with the political message. Instead, it merges the two with remarkable effectiveness. Its force and beauty everywhere apparent, *Cabaret* is exquisitely intelligent cinema, ranking with the finest movies made in recent years.

THE GARDEN *of the Finzi-Continis*, Vittorio De Sica's film about the Jews of Ferrara between 1938 and 1943, also eschews the meat-axe and employs the surgical knife. The wealthy Finzi-Continis' garden becomes a haven for several of Ferrara's young Jews, a quiet, expansive retreat in which they try to forget Mussolini's emulation of his Nazi partners. Alberto (Helmut Berger of *The Damned*) literally dies of festering despair, while his sister Micol (*The Conformist*'s Dominique Sanda) fights on, rejecting the suit of a young Jew choosing instead a sympathetic gentile as her lover.

Although *The Garden* (just awarded, as I write this, for an Oscar in the foreign film category) makes its point nicely, and resists the obvious temptation to let tears wash the audience into mindless sentimentalism, it suffers from a serious fault. Unlike *Cabaret*, it fails to integrate the personal story and the propagandistic statement; Micol and her men comprise one movie, fascism in its slightly less hideous guise another, and here the two elements simply do not a unified movie make.

BRIEFLY: Ken Russell never rests. In *The Boy Friend*, another Thirties flick, Russell pushes Twiggy, all 22-22-22 of her, onto the silver screen as the backstage understudy who Makes Good and Wins the Hero (Christopher Gable, a cute cadaver), since The Show Must Go On because The Star Is Incapacitated. Glenda Jackson shines as the injured ego-driven star transformed from camp bitchery into tearful appreciation as Twiggy's Polly emerges from her cocoon. Tony Walton's sets lavishly encompass Sandy Wilson's spoof of those Busby Berkeleyish extravaganza choreographic sillinesses. But the parody of parody of parody palls; though the film is never awful, it rarely rises above frantic tedium.

More froth: *The Hot Rock*, or How Four Hotshots Steal a Diamond, showcases George Segal, Robert Redford, Ron Leibman and Paul Sand as the thieves you love to love. Seeking to avenge an intertribal squabble, one of those super-suave African UN diplomats who appear to be Sidney Poitier's legacy to de-Samboizing the Film com-

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missions our heroes to cop the rock from the Brooklyn Museum. Despite shyster Zero Mostel's valiant efforts to undercut the fearless foursome's frolic, the lads somehow—well, go see it and take the kids. Harmless; a one-and-a-half-star giggle.

*M*A*S*H* in civvies: *The Hospital*—written and ruined by Paddy Chayefsky. The Oscar business invariably confuses me, not least in this year's nomination of George C. Scott, who surely deserved it last year as *Patton*, for best actor in a doctor role he seems to walk through with his mind somewhere else. Scott's naked without a swagger stick, I fear, and Diana Rigg, his *Hospital* amour, belongs back as Mrs. Peel on TV's *Avengers*. Stripped of her karate-chop, she is oomph-less, and appallingly bad. Thoughtless, cliché-racked and tepid, *The Hospital* is dreary writ large. □

THEATER

BRAD EVANS

A Lousy Evening with Mencken

The National Park Service asked for deletions in the script of *An Unpleasant Evening with H. L. Mencken* which just finished a run at Ford's Theater in Washington. They didn't get most of them—but it can't have made any difference. David Wayne, the principal (the unique), as Mencken, proved more deleterious than a censor's scissors in the hands of Lester Maddox: He simply forgot most of his lines.

Paul Shyre, who adapted Mencken's fulminations and directed the production, said he would "close the show before I'd tamper with the script." One wishes he had done either—for the offering turns out to be an execrable evening with David Wayne poorly and without characterization quoting assorted epithets from Baltimore's foremost troll.

Shyre, who has produced sterling stage adaptations of Sean O'Casey's autobiographies, must now be asking himself whether it is at all feasible to transmogrify Mencken the writer into Mencken on the boards. Mencken, who had little use for actors anyway, would—I feel sure—have scorned the prospect. He is at his best in sustained passages of irony and iconoclasm. He begins slowly and cranks up to the coup de grâce like a guillotine—inevitably, to be sure, does the blow come, but most of the fun in reading him is in the anticipation. Shyre's stage concept—which by no means should be the definitive (or precluding) one—calls for a series of zingers with little, if any, foreplay. It is to no one's credit but Mencken's that there was laughter at Ford's: but I could draw chuckles at the dreariest cocktail party imaginable if I said nothing all night except "syphilitic evangelists."

BUT STILL there *was* laughter—and there is credit in that. That Mencken's caustic edge could emerge occasionally unblunted by so blundering an exegesis is no mean tribute to a man who would have preferred none—from critics or the American public. The evening might even have been analgesic for those who read only contemporary literature (i.e., the newspapers) and have never been subjected to anything more genuinely humorous than the bogus maledictions of political comics and Vice Presidents.

(No, Mencken would not have enjoyed it. Nor, I think, would he have particularly cared for Ford's Theater. The Department of Interior's version of this historic site leans to early lavatory. There is no doubt that the old Willard Hotel is [was] more deserving of preservation than Ford's—except I understand that an American President met his untimely end in the latter.)

Perhaps the real question which the Mencken production occasions—that is to say, the one which interests me—is whether or not anyone should waste his time with the man. He was certainly adroit in many of his observations. But, on the other hand, to analyze the American people as an "ignominious mob of serfs and goose-steppers" takes no more perspicacity than possessed by a man of moderate intelligence on a clear day and disabused (or unencumbered) by Walt Whitman or the pugugly aphorisms of Democracy.

Mencken had moderate intelligence—defined today as the ability to read—and a certain insight into *his own* condition, which is precisely why he could so astutely assess the substance of his fellow citizens. After all, I fail to see how anyone openly expounding the virtues of cheap cigars and Michelob beer could seriously propose a cultural critique of any but the most atavistic of moss-bedecked miscreants and ne'er-do-wells.

Which is all to say that I resent the Mencken revival—not the least reason being that the fortunes of Ambrose Bierce are not likely to suffer by the present comparison. □

MUSIC

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The Ideal Collection

A lonesome cowpoke in central Montana has written to me as follows: "Dear Bill—I love good music but don't know anything about it. I would like to have a collection of records but they're expensive and there are thousands to choose from and I don't know where to start. Tell me how to proceed."

Criteria begin to emerge. If the budget is limited, then we should select recordings of music that is not available otherwise. The standard works can be encountered, nay, one must labor to avoid them, on standard radio broadcasts and in the course of a year at the local philharmonic society. My friend's record collection will not, therefore, include the nine symphonies of Beethoven. If the budget is limited, each piece of music acquired must be of the sort that you can listen to again and again, with renewed and possibly altered appreciation at each listening. So we can exclude the instrumental stuntmen. The collection must be nevertheless a microcosmos; we shall desire a display of music in its historical dimension, a taste of the major composers, some fine example of the major solo instruments,

David Brudnoy *teaches history at Boston College and Northeastern University. . . .* **Brad Evans** *serves on the staff of Rep. Gene Snyder and lives in the Washington area. . . .* **William F. Rickenbacker**, *some-time economist, is a full-time lover of music.*

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some examples of the principal forms (opera, chorale, sonata, symphony and so on), a fair spread of nationalities. . . . Quite a question from this cowpoke!

FIND AT least one example of plainsong: the Kyrie, Agnus Dei, Gloria, Sanctus from the Mass *Lux et Origo* have been recorded.

Any short collection of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century songs. Guillaume de Machault has been recorded.

Sixteenth century. Madrigals. Palestrina, Gabrieli, Byrd, Gibbons. Marvels all, and friends for life.

Baroque, on into the seventeenth century. Best summation I know is Lionel Rogg's performance (on nine LPs) of the complete organ works of Johann Sebastian Bach. No need to go further.

Oratorio, same period. Handel: *Judas Maccabaeus*. I assume *The Messiah* to be available elsewhere.

Domenico Scarlatti: any short selection of his keyboard sonatas (he wrote more than six hundred of them). Avoid Horowitz here.

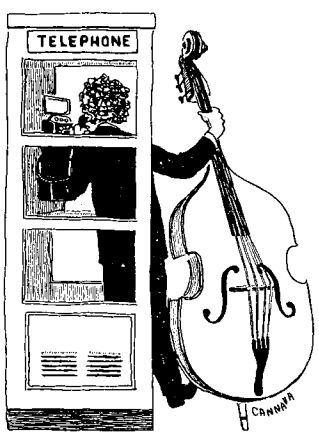
Couperin, Rameau: Casadesus speaks their language.

J. S. Bach again: get Casals doing the sonatas for unaccompanied cello.

Vivaldi, Frescobaldi: orchestral, any, one or two.

Haydn: quartets.

Mozart: a mountain range of solid diamonds, from which we are to select an engagement ring. With Bach it is easier to settle on a small portion, because Bach's work is itself a summation. Mozart always seems to be looking forward. In any of his works you find the seeds of later centuries' blossoms. (The Bach contingent will please sit down and shut up. Bach is also a headwater, I know I know. In a thousand words one doesn't sum up the history of music without committing acts of violence with every judgment.) Symphony #39, Symphony #40 should be heard frequently. Piano concertos are all fine: I prefer performances by Lili Kraus, Robert Casadesus. String quartets: pure gold.



This takes us through the eighteenth century and here comes L. van Beethoven. The man is inseparable from a kind of "summity" in music; you can kill a lot of birds with one stone if you get the Serkin performance of Opus 106. This gives you Serkin; piano virtuosity; Beethoven at his best. Another Beethoven, also infrequently heard, and first-class, is the cello and piano sonatas. Get these as done by Serkin and Casals. Of all the symphonies Beethoven's Sixth is the one I can spend the most time with. The second piano concerto is the most fun. Ignore the operas still. [Ed. note: Mr. R has a few blind spots. One of 'em is the delusion that Beethoven wrote a whole pile of operas, which are suppressed by the Beethoven Admiration Corps, because they're lousy. That the overtures, which are passable, survive, is, says Mr. R, proof of the dirty work afoot.] For the symphony pick your conductor: Walter, Szell, Furtwängler fine. Concerto: Backhaus.

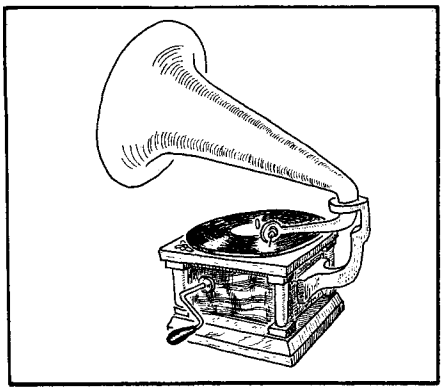
Opera begins to be unavoidable about now (we have been moving chronologically). Rather than buy a whole opera, proceed as follows. Get Verdi's *Requiem* so you can have Verdi without opera. Get *Pagliacci* complete because it's short. Get selections from Bizet's *Carmen* because if you don't like *Carmen* you don't like opera. Risë Stevens doing Carmen is locus classicus. This should take care of opera—for the nuclear library.

Schubert. You should have the Casals conducting of the "Unfinished" symphony, to understand how there can be, in music, an act of love. Essential: Fischer-Dieskau doing some songs. The string quartets are exquisite. Cozy and special: Arthur Grumiaux doing the violin Sonatinas (Op. 137).

Schumann. The "Spring" symphony repays many listenings, and is seldom met in the halls. Keyboard: get Horowitz doing *Kreisleriana*. This won't be bettered. If you can find the Rachmaninoff performance of *Carnaval*, run like mad and get it. Piano quintet: fine.

Chopin. Get Rachmaninoff doing the B-flat Minor Sonata if you can. And Lipatti on the B-minor. Lipatti doing the Waltzes complete: if you don't like this, you don't like music.

Mendelssohn and Liszt: maybe later, when our cowpoke strikes it rich. Same



for Wagner. With Liszt and Wagner in particular, it is hard to avoid making them a way of life. I don't know of any short, exquisite and representative selections from either—unless one wants to be catty and mention Wagner's youthful writings for piano solo, ugh.

Brahms. The *Alto Rhapsody*, no? and if the money's there, try a symphony: #4 or #3 first.

Sibelius. Still the champ: Heifetz doing the Violin Concerto. Three birds with one stone. Wonder when they'll get around to recording the avant-garde stuff Sibelius wrote toward the end?

Franck. "The" Symphony. Boston, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia, in that order.

Granados: *Goyescas*, performed by Alicia de Larrocha. Keyboard, romantic, Spanish, perfect.

Rachmaninoff: Ashkenazy doing the Corelli variations; Weissenberg (fairly new release) doing the Preludes complete (first major recording of these). Both sets take many hearings.

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade*.

Grieg: the piano concerto: Hard to beat Lipatti here.

SO there's a beginning. It may take some time to hunt down all these titles, and they will cost about $250 before you're through. But you will have a smattering of the past five hundred years of music in solo, choral, concerto, symphonic, operatic and chamber style, from all the major music-writing countries, avoiding the standard recital pieces, and of course stopping short of the twentieth century. I myself enjoy a lot of the music being written in this century, but I believe that the element of personal taste accounts for so large a part of one's judgment of the contemporary that it would be perilous to commend the more modern composers for inclusion in a highly restricted nugget-collection. Whereas I can say of the collection listed here: Satisfaction Guaranteed. □

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SMITH

(Continued from page 457)

cide against the black community is in the future. Such remarks would not raise an eyebrow in that crowd assembled in the capital of Pennsylvania.

They straggled into the Capitol grounds: peace groups, church groups, Marxist groups, a women's lib contingent (chanting obscenities), a ragged little band with "gay lib" posters. Book stalls dotted the outskirts, selling everything from occult periodicals to the latest Trotskyist ramblings. (One poor soul was trying to pass out Muskie literature. He might as well have offered Confederate war bonds.) Sad groups. It was as though various members of the animal kingdom had banded together and some bright specimen had said: "I know what! Let's start something that we call a zoo!" Question: Who runs the zoo? In this instance, the zoo-keepers included the Harrisburg Defense Committee, the National United Committees To Free Angela Davis and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. One may be sure that the message will be spread from Harrisburg.

While the Holy Week demonstrations were going on, and for three days after they ended, the jury was deliberating. They were a bunch of average, conscientious citizens trying to do an unpleasant and horribly confusing job. They were a sharp rebuttal to the courtroom spectators' gossip that went on during the trial. Harrisburg had been chosen because it was reactionary, anti-Catholic and dull. Well, it is dull: dull enough that it might be a pleasant place to live. The jury's final decisions should take care of the other charges.

This jury was sequestered for 58 days. They had to rely entirely on their memories as far as the evidence was concerned. The indictment itself was a confusing instrument. The definition of conspiracy is itself so confusing that the jury never did seem to grasp it.

Judge R. Dixon Herman conducted himself with studied impartiality, and then managed to confuse the whole issue in the last few minutes of his charge to the jury by making misstatements which then had to be corrected. The jury was also charged with finding one single conspiracy, a series of separate conspiracies would not do. Only hours before they were discharged, they were still sending out for clarification of the indictment. And so it trickled out: farewell to Kissinger, the heating tunnels still intact, just those pages and pages of letters being smuggled.

Who wins and who loses? Well, the FBI certainly loses. It put too much confidence in Douglas, and had little to back him up with. J. Edgar Hoover oversold his case before the Senate subcommittee on November 27, 1970. After that testimony (about kidnaping and blowing up steam pipes), the Justice Department had to do something. This is what they did, and the whole case carried a frantic overtone to it, from the first indictment (conspiracy to kidnap) through the second indictment (a general conspiracy, with lesser penalties attached), down to the trial itself.

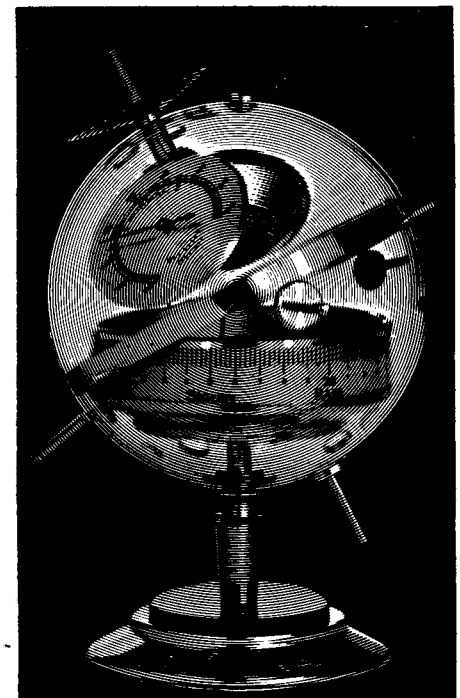
Those who have a basic confidence in "the system" are losers as well. The very least that can be said is that the government got overly excited about those letters. Could a better case have been presented if they had kept quiet while looking for more (and better) corroborative testimony? That we will never know. The incidents are almost two years old, and it seems unlikely that the Justice Department will push for a new trial.

Who wins? The Left wins. Eqbal Ahmad is already on the streets saying that protests against the war must be escalated. Ahmad is far and away the shrewdest of the lot, and the one against whom the evidence is weakest (due perhaps to the fact that he is the shrewdest of the lot). Ahmad has been made a national figure, who can say just about anything he wants in the future, and will.

There must be great rejoicing in San Jose as well, where Angela Davis is on trial. The Harrisburg Seven are legally innocent, and the presumed innocence of any prisoner can now, more easily, be stretched to include the guilt of the government.

And it will be forgotten, all too easily, that most of the defendants have been involved in draft board raids, which are, when all is said and done, illegal. But such goings-on are really mild compared to explosives and abduction. The Seven are likely to be socially acceptable to a lot more people than before, and the ability of the Catholic Left to nudge a conservative hierarchy has been strengthened.

The scene at the end of the trial was strangely reminiscent of the beginning. There, at the center, was Sister Liz, beaming and hugging everyone in sight. This time she had something to be happy about. □



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KILPATRICK
(Continued from page 455)

this century has survived defeat to gain victory on a second chance. If few of the Democratic kingmakers remember William Jennings Bryan, all of them remember Adlai Stevenson; and they remember the experience of Thomas Dewey also. It has been a long time since Cleveland, having lost to Harrison in 1888, came back to defeat him in 1892.

The record book on age is subtly working against him. Humphrey will be 61 in May. Except for Eisenhower, who was 62 at his inauguration in 1953, no President since Buchanan in 1857 has taken his first oath of office at so advanced an age. At a time when the new 26th Amendment focuses attention on the youth vote, this aspect of the Humphrey candidacy has to be posted on the debit side. At the same time, these things are relative. A glance at the Presidential barnyard discloses no spring chickens on the roost. An aging correspondent finds Humphrey abundantly young.

His substantive political liabilities are more serious. A number of young liberals, fairly or unfairly, still put the blame for the bloody 1968 Convention on Humphrey, and they have not forgiven him for it. Many others see Humphrey as a co-defendant with Lyndon Johnson, guilty of Vietnam. There is widespread speculation that the Miami Beach Convention, if it nominates Humphrey, would be inviting a rump faction to follow McCarthy into the third-party wilderness. And for all his liberal record, covering a span of 27 years, Humphrey's liberalism is, somehow, indefinably, faintly suspect. There is a feeling that he isn't really Miss Goody Two-Shoes, he just talks that way.

Humphrey's greatest handicap lies in such uncertainty. How much is talk? How much is substance? Facing an expectant audience—*any* audience—Humphrey has but a single thought in mind: that is to make these wonderful people happy. He speaks to Jews. What would please them? Kosher food in the school lunch program! That's a promise! He talks to a high-school audience. He has just adverted to Medicare for oldsters, but what would please the youngsters? Kiddicare! It's a pledge! He has something for farmers, something for city dwellers, something for the blacks, something for Catholics. What would these happy programs cost? Where would the money come from? Humphrey is impatient with such stolid, pedestrian questions. On the political midway, he is vending cotton candy dreams to smiling throngs. And he does not wish to be disturbed.

Humphrey can recover from the blow that Wisconsin dealt him. He was defeated, but not disgraced. In terms of active campaigners, as distinguished from mere names on the ballot, the ordeal of Wisconsin offered the toughest jump on the track. With Lindsay out and Jackson ready to quit, the field dwindles to only four active runners—McGovern, Wallace, Muskie and Humphrey. Virtually no one accords Wallace even a ghost of a chance of winning the Democratic Party's nomination at Miami Beach. In a convention dominated by liberal elements, McGovern has brighter prospects; he is a certified ultraliberal. But the very narrowness of McGovern's appeal will not be overlooked by experienced party professionals who understand the necessity of seeking the broad central vote.

This line of reasoning pulls the stable of realistic choices down to two—Humphrey or Muskie. The Happy Warrior, having twice defeated Muskie in their first two encounters this spring, thinks upon this prospect; and he does not smile. He beams. □

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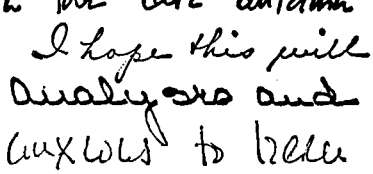

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(Continued from page 462)

but I'm not sure how deep or widespread it is. You can certainly meet a large number of people living in the Bogside whose daughters have married British soldiers and you can also find a number of people who are not ill-disposed toward their Protestant neighbors, whatever they may feel about the British troops. I think the Catholics will not find it too difficult to live with their Protestant neighbors in peace, if they are allowed by their own wild men.

F.R. For yourself, then, whatever you may see as the outcome, you feel you've had enough?

G.J. Yes. The last two years make me feel that a lot of the work I'm doing is unrealistic and out of place. Part of my work is concerned with the development of clinical psychological services within the personal health and personal social services of Northern Ireland, and it's not very satisfactory to try out projected developments in the face of disruption and possible civil war. It's hard on the children. If I had been born and bred in Northern Ireland I might feel differently. But I have no deep roots there, so I should prefer, in spite of all the friends we have, to terminate our residence if possible. Even though it may be necessary for me to go on working in Belfast for some years, I'd prefer to have my wife and family safely back in England.

F.R. Is there such a thing as a flight of educated people from Northern Ireland?

G.J. Thousands—not tens of thousands, but thousands have in fact left over the past two years.

F.R. This will impoverish the country, won't it?

G.J. Oh yes, I think so. But this is true all over Ireland. The people who could help Ireland most have not been staying there, but have been going out to Canada, Australia, America, England. The people with the least initiative and the least contribution to make have often been the ones who stayed behind. This present crisis is going to accelerate the departure of a large number of people whose work has been disrupted and disturbed by the terrorist campaign. Of course in a way this is the intention of the campaign, to scare anyone they can away and get rid of all foreign influences, and the most foreign influence is, of course, England. They won't be sorry to see us go. In fact they'll help to drive us out. ☐

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Bob Ward:

A Funny Thing Happened
ON THE WAY TO THE MOON

Army missileman Dave Mann, an inveterate punster, was attending a highly technical conference at Redstone Arsenal. The speaker noted that a particular rocket component would have to be cooled down to two hundred degrees Kelvin. "Wow!" Mann observed. "That's a lot of Kelvin coolage."

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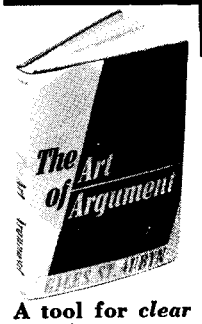

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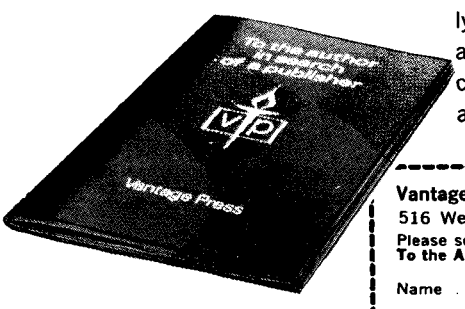

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Turning Point

New York, April 10—The North Vietnam offensive is likely to be critical in what emerges as a Democratic contest between George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey. It will not be insignificant in testing the resources of Richard Nixon. Already it has shattered the confidence of those few who believed that the Peking summit would bring instant benefits in Indochina.

George McGovern, though he voted for the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, began to oppose the war about as soon as anyone. That position is overwhelmingly popular among the intellectuals, and grudgingly popular among the people, who have lost any appetite they had for the Vietnam war.

On the other hand, it has been a long time since there was any public speculation on what might happen if the North Vietnamese military successfully invaded the South. For a period it was generally assumed that this could not happen because the American military would prevent it. Subsequently, it was assumed that this would not happen because the South Vietnamese military were now strong enough to prevent it. Now it is happening, and public opinion on the issue has not crystallized. It is very possible that the crisis will finally divide McGovern and Humphrey.

HOURS after the returns from Wisconsin came in, three Democratic candidates had expressed themselves as calling on the United States to bomb North Vietnam military bases whence the invasion issues. They were Scoop Jackson, George Wallace—and Hubert Humphrey. McGovern (at this writing) has not been heard from, and no doubt he struggles over the dilemma. If he joins his confederates and calls for United States intervention, he will instantly lose favor with his pacifist supporters. If he calls on the United States to do nothing except perhaps to protect our own men in the event that they should become involved (and this is his likeliest line), he will solidly expose himself in the event that what follows should be catastrophic.

A collapse of the South Vietnamese position as a result of pressure from isolationist-pacifists could very well reawaken American pride, propelling the candidate who declared himself on the side of firmness and stability. Wallace preeminently occupies that position among the Democrats who are most conspicuous in the race. Scoop Jackson of course is identified with the hawks. But Humphrey, if he is looking for an issue to take with McGovern, could very well find it in the next few days.

Meanwhile, Richard Nixon has got to do a lot of talking. If he vigorously resumes the war, he will have to do it without the use of the American fighting man—that is flatly excluded. This means air power. And this raises the question whether air power is sufficient to stay the enemy's infantry.

THE USE of U.S. B-52s to bomb supply lines has not proved sufficient. Already there is talk of decisive bombing of the sources of North Vietnamese supplies. This is something even Lyndon Johnson hesitated to do. His hesitation may prove to have been strategically fatal, but it wasn't tactically fatal because, during the period in question, the United States military was on the ground. Now that it is not, we come closer to the crucial question which Richard Nixon will have to answer.

Approximately four years ago we began formally exploring the diplomatic alternative suggested by Senator McGovern and others. We went to Paris, having extracted a pledge from the North Vietnamese to observe the DMZ. Needless to say they did not observe that pledge. A few years later we went to Peking, obviously hoping to get support there. We didn't. We are reduced to the military.

It used to be accepted as commonplace that there would be a great national revulsion if, after all this effort, the North Vietnamese proceeded merely to take over South Vietnam. It may well be that the reflexes of the country are deadened after the pounding they took in the late Sixties and in 1970. But they may be latently there, and Hubert Humphrey is no doubt taxing himself to discover whether that is so. By appealing to them, he may establish that separation between himself and George McGovern which could conclude the primary contests, in his favor. □

SHERIFF FULBRIGHT

New York, April 17—I note that Senator William Fulbright is greatly aroused because the television viewers of New York might get to see a short film called *Czechoslovakia, 1968*. At the thought of any such peccadillo, Senator Fulbright showed more concern then he did over a period of twenty years for the systematic violation of the constitutional rights of his black constituents in Arkansas. Indeed it's true that there is a general law to the effect that materials produced by the USIA are for foreign consumption only, but the primary and the obvious purpose of that law was to keep USIA from becoming a propaganda machine for the White House incumbent. It would overtax the imagination of Rube Goldberg to figure out how a documentary about the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 is pro-Nixon propaganda.

What happened is that the film in question is sensationally good—a brilliant documentary stroke which won an Oscar in 1969, creating a most unusual situation, namely that the American public was not allowed to see a short documentary which was judged by the critics to be the best of the year.

Ironically, the producer of this film, Mr. Bruce Herschensohn, is a greatly talented young man who a few years ago produced the documentary, *John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*. To be sure, that documentary was clearly useful to a President seeking to curry political favor, and it was not thought to distribute it within the United States. But after President Kennedy's assassination, Congress voted an exception to the law and the public was permitted to see one of Mr. Herschensohn's fine documentaries. What happened on this occasion is that Senator Buckley, the sainted junior Senator from New York, thought to interview Mr. Herschensohn on the monthly television program the Senator does on a New York City channel. The Senator, thinking it would be lively to show Mr.

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Herschensohn's famous film after interviewing him, asked USIA for a print, and was told that under the law it could not be furnished. However, the USIA referred the Senator to the National Audio Visual Center in the National Archives. There copies are kept of all government-produced films. The chief counsel for USIA gave it as his opinion that the law would not stand in the way of Senator Buckley's exhibiting the film for educational purposes.

ACCORDINGLY the Senator got hold of a copy and sat down with Mr. Herschensohn to record the program. All of a sudden, Mr. Herschensohn found himself saying that Senator Fulbright's views on propaganda are "very simplistic, very naïve and stupid." Obviously that was what triggered Senator Fulbright's uncharacteristic concern for the letter of the law. Granted the Senator objects, quite clearly, to the sentimental thesis of *Czechoslovakia, 1968*. One supposes that he also objects to an employee of the United States Information Service referring to him as "stupid." It isn't clear whether Senator Fulbright believes that Mr. Herschensohn only has the right to call Fulbright stupid abroad. And one supposes it is a dilemma for, e.g., the Voice of America, which is pledged to report truly and faithfully what is happening in the United States, including flood, famine and pestilence. Will it broadcast the news today: "An employee of the United States Information Service, Oscar-winning Bruce Herschensohn, today charged that Senator William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was 'very simplistic, very naïve, and stupid' in his understanding of propaganda"? Surely there would be ample justification for sending that story out? It would show that freedom in America extends even to the criticism, by a civil servant, of a powerful senator?

Alas, Mr. Herschensohn, for whose actual words USIA Director Frank Shakespeare chivalrously apologized, is very nearly right. Senator Fulbright has his strengths, but even chairmen of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee can have weaknesses, and his is the most spectacular blindness to the nature of the world struggle and to the role of communications in it.

The same newspaper that carries an account of Senator Fulbright's prim war to guard American innocence from a fifteen-minute documentary of the reconquest of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union, carries on its front page a report from Bolivia, where the new government has booted out of the country one hundred and nineteen (yes, 119) Soviet diplomats. What on earth would 119 Soviet diplomats be doing in Bolivia! You guessed it. The United States has 67 diplomats in Bolivia. And when you consider that during the past 25 years the United States has: done its best to return countries it has occupied to the local population, sent tens of billions of dollars for the relief of the needy of the world, attempted to promote world peace; and that during the same period the Soviet Union has continued to occupy and colonize its World War II possessions, and has lied and cheated and subverted its way around the world. . . . Consider, in the light of these two performances, that the prestige of the Soviet Union is nevertheless pretty high, and you get an idea of the impact of propaganda, the failure to understand which renders the patient simplistic, naïve, not to say stupid. □

BLESS 'EM ALL

New York, April 18—When Joe McCarthy died, in 1957, in obloquy, Dean Acheson who had been one of McCarthy's principal pincushions was asked to comment and did so saying, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—let us say nothing but good of those who are dead. In fact Mr. Acheson did not follow his own precepts, i.e., having said that nothing but good should be said about men who are dead, he did not go on to say anything good about Joe McCarthy, presumably because he believed that to do so would, in his case, be hypocritical.

Dean Acheson's widely misunderstood apparent exercise in charity is nowadays being quite widely applied—toward the dead, the not-quite-dead, and the not-nearly-dead, in an effusion of forgiveness which is something more nearly like forgetfulness. It is very widely believed that everybody who got into trouble during that part of the century in which Joe McCarthy lived and breathed, was in fact victimized by Joe McCarthy. When President Nixon decided not only to go to China, but to toast Mao Tse-tung and his Long March, which is the Via Dolorosa of Mao's revolution, inevitably people began looking back in order to exonerate those who were punished, or disdained, for taking positions about Mao Tse-tung which were not harmonious with those of the Richard Nixon of the Fifties, of the Sixties, and of the very early Seventies.

John Stewart Service, for instance, is now being celebrated in a widely advertised series in *New Yorker* Magazine, and just before Mr. Nixon went to China, Mr. Service wrote articles for the *New York Times* in which he recounted the virtues of the government of Mao Tse-tung. In 1951, Service was dropped from the State Department, having been found to be a security risk, by which it was meant not that he was disloyal to the United States, but that there was a reasonable doubt concerning his reliability. In the haste to rehabilitate Mr. Service, it is not recalled that, while working for the State Department, he had written that "there may be a period of some confusion, but the eventual gains of the Kuomintang's collapse will more than make up for this." Nor that, in September of 1944, he was writing to his superiors, "The Communists have used their influence in a democratic way and to further democratic ends." Nor, later in the same month, that "politically, any orientation which the Chinese Communists may once have had toward the Soviet Union seems to be a thing of the past [even today, the Chinese worship Stalin as the equal of Marx]. . . . The Communists are carrying out democratic policies which they expect the United States to approve and sympathetically support." That passage is unique in that it embarrassed not only the United States State Department, for its opacity, but the Foreign Office of the People's Republic of China, which officially disdains democracy. Anyway, Service is now a hero.

Adam Clayton Powell Jr., God rest his recently repatriated soul, is universally praised. He too was a fellow traveler over a period. For all that he is now in the obituary notices remembered as a great spokesman for his race, he was denounced in the summer of 1958 by the NAACP as a "racialist," and by the *New York Times* as "the most extreme racist in Congress."

We are a forgiving people, and it is good that we should be so. But forgiveness merges, under the ideological tensions of the day, into something quite different. The obituary-writers are engaged not in saying: John Jones did some wicked things while he was alive, but now that he is dead, we should think only of the useful things he did, and praise him for them.

They are saying either: John Jones didn't do anything wicked—he was framed. Or they are saying: That which John Jones did which was generally thought to be wicked at the time he did it, really wasn't wicked after all. To say the last is on the order of saying that the atrocities of Communism, are, after all, perfectly defensible. And to say that is to prove how successful the fellow travelers have proved to be. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. This deals with the distribution of man as distinguished by physical character, language, institutions, and customs
13 5 9 111 45 64 77 82 102 133
138 160 181

B. This sometimes sails in heavy water
56 207 139 186 145 85 167 194 11

C. Slang for a place where outnumbered people are incarcerated
130 55 184 211 166 118 143 89

D. Movement of vehicles in a single direction
157 7 17 35 76 105 132 192 205 62
51 67 95

E. An American statesman (1746-1813)
163 173 81 182 196 209 220 34 39 101

F. A Midwest university with high aims
78 72 86 124 221 60 140 210 106

G. This would make a good police vehicle
28 15 41 57 149 197 156 224 58 69
113 92

H. What was good for General Motors was good for this Great Dane
84 135 176 151 226 214 142

I. Bringing into agreement
3 19 54 61 71 98 27 68 88

J. Trained to walk, trot, and canter (said of a horse)
110 16 4 32 44 117 91 154 185 204
23

K. A comic strip character who appeared in *Down on the Farm*
121 33 126 178 37 47 10 131 115 141
172 188 208

L. Unscrambled TAGGED DARN and get a carved ornamental design
134 8 30 70 125 150 169 180 206 38

M. His first automobile ride was his last
164 24 65 83 99 104 148 40 123 155
161 183 218 2 14

N. Of doubtful propriety
171 63 52 20 191 127 201 97

O. Having a rank smell or taste
22 29 79 94 6 49

P. Set a single plate faced with a term, as a trademark or a newspaper's name
179 25 222 195 215 119 177 219 136

Q. Italian for *from the beginning*; a musical term
193 87 189 73 202 216

R. What a Pullman is called in England
199 80 152 100 223 26 190 128 107

S. What a person who throws coins into a fountain might be called (not DAMNED FOOL!)
203 175 1 12 158 53 109 146 187 59

T. A city southwest of Chicago
212 43 200 93 120 168

U. What the English call a detour
31 21 36 66 74 108 174 48 198 213
50 96 114

V. This vehicle was built by twin brothers (born 1849, died 1918 and 1940)
42 170 18 90 103 112 116 137 144 147
159 75 153 162

W. A signal horn operated by compressed air or steam
46 129 217 165 122 225

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 482 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 S	2 M	3 I	4 J	5 A	6 O	7 D	8 L		9 A	10 K		11 B	12 S	13 A	14 M		15 G	16 J	17 D
	18 V	19 I	20 N	21 U	22 O	23 J	24 M	25 P	26 R		27 I	28 G		29 O		30 L	31 U	32 J	33 K
34 E		35 D	36 U	37 K		38 L	39 E		40 M	41 G	42 V	43 T	44 J	45 A		46 W	47 K	48 U	
49 O	50 U	51 D	52 N	53 S	54 I	55 C	56 B	57 G		58 G	59 S	60 F		61 I	62 D		63 N	64 A	65 M
66 U	67 D	68 I	69 G		70 L		71 I	72 F	73 Q	74 U		75 V	76 D	77 A		78 F	79 O		80 R
	81 E	82 A	83 M	84 H	85 B	86 F	87 Q	88 I	89 C	90 V		91 J	92 G		93 T	94 O	95 D	96 U	97 N
98 I	99 M	100R	101E		102A	103V	104M	105D	106F	107R		108U	109S		110J	111A	112V		113G
114U	115K	116V		117J	118C	119P		120T	121K	122W		123M	124F	125L		126K	127N	128R	129W
	130C	131K	132D	133A		134L	135H	136P	137V		138A	139B	140F	141K	142H	143C	144V		145B
146S	147V		148M	149G	150L	151H	152R	153V		154J		155M	156G	157D	158S		159V		160A
161M	162V	163E		164M	165W	166C		167B	168T	169L		170V	171N		172K	173E	174U	175S	
176H	177P		178K	179P	180L	181A	182E	183M	184C		185J	186B	187S		188K	189Q	190R	191N	192D
193Q	194B	195P	196E		197G	198U		199R	200T	201N	202Q		203S	204J	205D	206L	207B	208K	209E
	210F	211C	212T	213U	214H		215P	216Q	217W	218M	219P	220E	221F		222P	223R	224G	225W	226H

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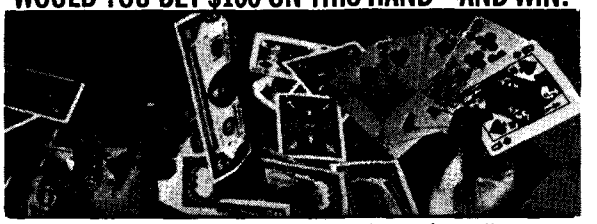

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